

1507/1279

E L E M E N T S

OF

M O R A L I T Y.

VOL. I







FRONTISPIECE.

E L E M E N T S
O F
M O R A L I T Y,
F O R T H E
U S E O F C H I L D R E N;
W I T H A N
I N T R O D U C T O R Y A D D R E S S T O P A R E N T S.

Translated from the GERMAN of the
Rev. C. G. S A L Z M A N N.

I L L U S T R A T E D W I T H F I F T Y C O P P E R P L A T E S.
I N T H R E E V O L U M E S.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N:
P R I N T E D B Y J. C R O W D E R,
F O R J. J O H N S O N I N S T. P A U L ' S C H U R C H - Y A R D.

M, D C C, X C I.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS little Work accidentally fell into my hands, when I began to learn German, and, merely as an exercise in that language, I attempted to translate it; but, as I proceeded, I was pleased to find that chance had thrown in my way a very rational book, and that the writer coincided with me in opinion respecting the method which ought to be pursued to form the heart and temper, or, in other words, to inculcate the

first principles of morality. I do not, however, mean to condescend to usher these volumes in by introductory eulogiums, for I have always despised those prefatory *puffs direct*; yet, as I equally despise false humility, I shall simply say, that if I had not thought it a very useful production, I should not have gone on with the translation.

I term it a translation, though I do not pretend to assert that it is a literal one; on the contrary, beside making it an English story, I have made some additions, and altered many parts of it, not only to give it the spirit of an original, but to avoid introducing any German customs or
local

local opinions. My reason for naturalizing it must be obvious—I did not wish to puzzle children by pointing out modifications of manners, when the grand principles of morality were to be fixed on a broad basis.

Though I have not copied, I have endeavoured to imitate the simplicity of style and manners which I admired in the original. If it had been a French work, I should, probably, have had to curtail many smooth compliments, that I might not have led my little readers to the very verge of falsehood; but it did not appear to me necessary to retrench the artless dictates of affection, when

I wished to insinuate a taste for domestic pleasures into the hearts of both parents and children.

All the pictures are drawn from real life, and that I highly approve of this method, my having written a book on the same plan*, is the strongest proof. I have here also inserted a little tale, to lead children to consider the Indians as their brothers, because the omission of this subject appeared to be a chasm in a well-digested system.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT.

* Entitled, Original Stories from real life.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

T O

P A R E N T S.

THE design of this Book is to give birth to what we call a **GOOD DISPOSITION** in children: generally as the word is used, it appears to me necessary to ascertain its real meaning. A good disposition is, in my opinion, a superior degree of knowledge: knowledge consists in being acquainted with the characteristics of things; but a good disposition is not confined to a bare acquaintance with their distinguishing characters, it extends to their intrinsic value,

a 5

value, and the effects produced by them, to which affection or aversion is, at all times, necessarily attached.

For example, give a child, of five years old, two round yellow pieces, marked with some impresson, the one a guinea, the other a brass counter; shew him the difference between them; tell him that the former is of a clear, the latter of a deep yellow; that one has a fine head, the other a wild uninformed countenance stamped on it; that one is lighter than the other: the child has then acquired a knowledge of both pieces, which may be termed just. But afterwards only make him comprehend the value of the guinea—tell him how many raisins and toys he can purchase with it; you have determined his disposition;

position ; he not only knows the guinea,
but he loves it.

Teach him that envy is the vexation which is felt at seeing the happiness of others, you will have given him a just idea of it ; but shew him its dreadful effects, in the example of Hannah, in chap. 29. Vol. II. who was so tormented by this corroding passion, at her sister's wedding, that she could neither eat, drink, nor sleep, and was so far carried away by it, as to embitter her innocent sister's pleasures : this representation has determined the child's disposition—he will hate envy.

An objection now naturally occurs to me ; how happens it then that children remain indifferent, when the characteristics of envy are pointed out to them ; and feel a degree of abhorrence, when

they see a picture of its effects. The answer to this objection is very simple : we love what affords us pleasure, and hate what gives us uneasiness.

As long therefore as I only know a thing by certain distinct characters, I remain indifferent to it ; but as soon as I am persuaded that it will afford me pleasure or pain, I desire or hate it. Suppose, for instance, that my son had never seen any grapes or winter cherries ; I wish to make them known to him, and describe in what respect they differ from each other so clearly, that he can determine the species of plant to which they belong ; I might then, indeed, say, that he had a just conception of both ; but would it make him love one better than the other ? however, bring him some winter cherries and green grapes ; and
which

which do you think his inclination would lead him to at the sight of them? certainly to the cherries, attracted by the red colour; but let him taste both, and he will, probably, soon alter his tone, and ask for the grapes.

To carry the supposition still further, and taking it for granted that he had the next day a violent tooth-ach, when the grapes and cherries are again brought to him, and he is assured that the former will cool his tooth and occasion a very disagreeable sensation, and that the latter, as they are often prepared, may, perhaps, soften the pain.—Which will he now prefer? undoubtedly the cherries. By this method it appears, that we may direct the inclination of a child which way we wish, if we only know how to make

2

him

him rightly comprehend the pleasure or pain which certain things will procure him.

What has been said of grapes and cherries, may also be applied to vice and folly, to the love due to God, our fellow creatures, and ourselves. If the love of God is represented as a desire to do his will, and vice as a departure from his law, they may understand the meaning of both; but if an idea is not given them of the vexation which is inseparable from the latter, and the pleasure which results from the former, they will remain as indifferent as the child was to the fruit, which he only knew by description. This is the reason, I believe, why many children, who have a number of fine maxims by rote, still neglect to practice the virtues they can

can so well describe ; but when experience has taught them, they will continue to prefer that manner of acting from which they expect the most agreeable sensations.

Besides, if I have rightly observed, pleasure and uneasiness are feelings, and I conclude from this, that desire or aversion increases, in proportion as the uneasiness or pleasure attached to a thing is forcibly felt.

If, for example, to make a child have an aversion for idleness, I say to him, idleness, my dear child, is a vice: it makes a man discontented, injures his health, and ruins his circumstances. This discourse, I believe, would not have much effect ; for the child cannot form a right idea of discontent, health, or circumstances :

stances : but if I say to him, there was once a farmer, named Brown, who was a very idle man, and describe him, as he is drawn in chap. 16, Vol. II. I shall certainly give birth to a wish, at least, not to be idle ; for his imagination representing idleness in so lively a manner, in the picture of Brown, he will feel the uneasiness inseparable from it ; but, should I go still further, and shew him Brown in the print, saying, now view yourself this poor wretch, see how he sits there, half asleep, as if he were sick—how miserable is his whole appearance ! what a shabby coat he has on, and what an object of compassion is the horse ! Seeing thus the wretchedness which springs from idleness with his own eyes, his whole heart must rise against it.

After this explanation, I hope my design will be understood, when I say,
that

that I aim at giving birth to a good disposition ; I have therefore, in little tales, equally marked the worth and effects of things, the knowledge of which is the most necessary for children ; and endeavoured so to address them to their senses, that whilst they strike the imagination, they may be felt by reason. Besides, I have placed pictures to illustrate them, that through the eyes, particularly, a more lively impression may be made, and children led by their first sensations, to have for every thing the affection, or aversion, which, according to its nature, it deserves.

Some people may imagine that I have overlooked a few subjects. The omission did not arise from forgetfulness. I had a sufficient reason for omitting them. I have not, for example, inserted
any

any tale to represent the usefulness of magistrates, because children are not in any immediate connexion with them, and during their infancy ought to consider their parents and schoolmasters in that light. In the course of the book, I have, however, I hope, treated all the moral subjects with which children ought to be acquainted, excepting one.

I would willingly have said something of chastity and impurity; for impurity is now spread so far, that even children are infected; and by it the seeds of every virtue, as well as the germe of their posterity, which the Creator has implanted in them for wise purposes, are weakened or destroyed. I am thoroughly persuaded that the most efficacious method to root out this dreadful evil, which poisons the source of human happiness, would

would be to speak to children of the organs of generation as freely as we speak of the other parts of the body, and explain to them the noble use which they were designed for, and how they may be injured.

I have conversed with the most sensible schoolmasters on this subject, and they have confirmed me in my opinion; but I also know that my conviction will not have sufficient weight with the public to conquer long-fostered prejudices, and that many people would have been shocked at tales, which might early in life have accustomed their children to see the dreadful consequences of incontinence; I have therefore been induced to leave them out, lest my book should be entirely useless to many parents and teachers.

Parents

Parents and teachers, I now present this book to you, earnestly wishing that it may have a proper effect on your children, and that the perusal of it may make them more obedient, complaisant, industrious, patient, &c. But I must say a few words to you concerning the right use of it. I do not think that it will have much effect, if you give it to them to read just as they please, for they will naturally be so eager to come to the end of the tales, that the truths which they contain would be passed slightly over; they will suck off the sugar, and leave the medicine which it concealed behind. The hasty reading of so many good lessons must have much the same effect as those dry precepts, which many parents have a custom of continually repeating—none at all. When so much advice is given in a breath, and men are

told

told at once, what they should, and what they should not do, they, in general, do nothing.

I would therefore advise you to relate them yourselves, but not for an hour together, in the cold tone of instruction, or your trouble and mine will be lost. Rather take advantage of an unexpected moment, after dinner, during a walk, or when the children themselves beg you to tell them something; nay, after you have begun the tale, sometimes break off suddenly; they will entreat you to go on, but you must not be prevailed on; and merely to try their patience, tell them that if they behave well, the following day you will continue the relation.

In this manner their desire to hear the tales will be kept alive, and the relations will appear to them to be a reward,
which

which is always more pleasing to children than instruction. The tales must be told with warmth and interest, or they will have little effect ; try to make them have the vivacity of plays, by assuming the voice and manner of the different persons who are mentioned ; and, in the recital, do not forget the prints which represent them, for they will more deeply impress the truths they give life to on the children's minds, than mere words ; and the questions which they produce will afford you a happy opportunity of discovering whether they comprehended your instructions ; and of adding many illustrations.

It would be useful when children have committed some fault, to shew them the history, which represents the bad consequences of it, or the excellence of the contrary virtue. But this must be done with great caution, for if the stories are
told

told in a tone of anger, they will soon become disagreeable, and produce a very bad effect. Wait then till the first emotion of anger is over, and when you are sufficiently calm to speak with coolness of the fault which the child has committed, point out the tale most applicable, laying particular emphasis on the bad effects which naturally follow, not as a punishment, but as a consequence.

However, though I am persuaded that the recital of these tales in the manner I have recommended would be the most useful, yet I am afraid that many people, who have not the talent of telling a story well, would find the attempt very irksome, and I advise them to pursue another method.

Let the children read the tales aloud, and after every two or three periods, ask them some pertinent questions. If, for instance, a child is reading the tale,
in

in which it is said, that the poor are necessary to the rich, it may then be pointed out that health and every other blessing of life only arises from good conduct, and that all men are equal, till they distinguish themselves by superior virtues or attainments: dwelling on this circumstance is particularly useful, because children are apt to consider themselves of too much consequence.—This method of making them read is also an excellent exercise to sharpen their attention, and make them reflect.

But where shall I find, asks an affectionate mother, a person who possesses sufficient abilities to instruct my children in this manner?—Respectable woman, since you have sufficient tenderness and sense to be anxious about the person to whom you wishest to intrust the weighty charge of educating your children, I approach thee with respect, and with pleasure

pleasure offer thee my advice. The properest person to form the character of thy children, is thyself.

Your sex has undeniably more tenderness than ours; your voice is, in general, more persuasive and soft, and more easily insinuates itself into the hearts of children. They have a greater affection for you than for any other person in the world, and your vivacity and tenderness will enable you to give a degree of interest and familiarity to the tales, which a man who enters into the busy scenes of life will seldom be able to equal.

To you does the pleasing task belong of forming their tempers, and giving them habits of virtue; for as the sight of your breast is a hint to you that you were destined to suckle your children, so is the consciousness of your abilities, and the domestic ties, which so

firmly attach your children to you, hints from God, that the first formation of their character belongs to you.

If you have sufficient resolution to persevere, you will be amply recompensed for the trouble this employment gives you, and it will become, after you have acquired a taste for your duty, your most agreeable relaxation. The society of your children, which was, perhaps, sometimes a little troublesome to you, will soon, when you are anxious to improve them, become your dearest enjoyment. You will drink deeply of that inexpressibly sweet pleasure, maternal intimacy, a cordial of which so many mothers only taste a drop.

Your blooming, obedient, active daughters ; your robust sons, full of honesty and goodness of heart, will procure you more respect than the most costly ornaments ; and when you walk

in their company in the meadows, you will see them free from the prejudices, faults, and cares, which in the houses of your neighbours feed pale discontent and marrow-consuming-grief; you will find in every word the expression of innocence, good sense, and contentment—then recollect that you have laid the foundation of all this. What a thought! would you give it up for all the jewels in the world?

But if through particular circumstances you are prevented from instructing your children yourself, I will give you some further advice: search for a young man of sound understanding and irreproachable morals, who has presence of mind, who on observing a fine moon-light scene, is pleased without extasy; who takes a part in the sufferings of his fellow creatures, but at the sight of their misery does not instantly burst into tears; who will not wrinkle his brow when

the children play, but good-humouredly take a part in all their diversions, and make their very toys instruct them.

When you have found this man, confide in him, and be not very anxious to know whether he is acquainted with Latin or Greek, but let him relate every day to your children some little tale, and you will be astonished at the effect it will produce.

But it is from the nature of things, and not because I have written this book that I expect it will do good; for I cannot help thinking that it has advantages which the generality of books destined for children have not. If I do not deceive myself, it is calculated to catch their attention, and fix sound principles in their hearts. A tone of command, which always gives to any thing good a disagreeable form, and to mischievous tricks a certain charm, is here avoided,

ed, because even a good action, which would, perhaps, be done with pleasure, becomes irksome as soon as it is commanded.

Buy a boy a top, shew him how he may use it, and you will see with what pleasure he will whip it. But command him to do it, tell him he must whip it an hour every day, and he will find a hundred pretences to avoid the employment.

Place in a room a bottle of wine and another of water, and tell the boy that water is very wholesome, and wine very hurtful to children. If he has not already been accustomed to wine, if the praises of some grown up people have not excited a desire to drink it, he will not have any inclination to taste the wine; but, if in a tone of command he is told that he must not drink it, he will instantly long for it, and as soon as he is alone begin to sip it.

Laws may indeed engage men to do good and to avoid evil, with respect to exterior acts, but they will never make them love virtue or hate vice. On that account, in this little book I tried to avoid every thing which appears like laws or commands. It does not say to children you must not be extravagant;—love your parents, &c. but it makes them forcibly feel the bad consequences of extravagance, the happiness of having parents; and this conviction will lead them to hate prodigality, and love their parents.

Though this book does not speak of Jesus Christ, it nevertheless contains the holy doctrines which he came to promulgate; and one of his principal employments, when amongst us, seems to have been to redeem us from the law. By the precepts which he has given to men he wished to lead them to virtue and to avoid vice, not because he has com-
manded

manded the former, and forbidden the latter; but because they are persuaded that there is an essential difference between them, one being conducive, and the other injurious to our happiness: consequently that the one ought to be loved, and the other hated.

For this reason, in many passages of the holy scriptures, I suppose the word faith only to mean a conviction that one action is good and another hurtful; and, when the apostle says, that whatever does not proceed from faith is sinful; he says nothing more, in my opinion, than simply this, that whatever is not done through conviction is sinful: again, when it is asserted that faith only gives merit to our actions before God, this is merely saying, as it appears to me, that our actions only please God, when we do not do them because they were commanded, but through a conviction that they are good and conformable to his wise designs.

When

When children have been sufficiently instructed in the principles contained in this book, you may speak to them of Jesus Christ, of his person, his doctrines, and his death. You have now prepared the way to their hearts—the vallies are exalted—the mountains laid low—and that which was crooked made straight; that is to say, those prejudices and bad habits, which create a repugnance against the doctrines of the gospel, have been prevented from taking root.

I ought not, however, to forget a very important remark,—this book can only lead children to love good and hate evil; but they are still far from practising virtue, and avoiding vice. When, for instance, I make children comprehend how excellent early rising is, I can make them love it, but if I do nothing more, they will certainly sleep in the morning till the sun shines on their beds.

To

To practise good and avoid evil, the mind must be strengthened, and good habits acquired, for without them affection or aversion will not be sufficient to produce active virtue. A whole volume might be written on this subject, but I will restrain my pen, and only give the two following rules: when I have leisure I shall probably treat the subject more at large.

First, constantly procure for your children opportunities to gratify the good inclinations which your narrations have excited. You have, for example, excited in your children a desire to obey you; you must, therefore, in order to lead them daily to practise obedience, sometimes command them to do a thing without telling them why, and sometimes to give up what is dear to them, making them always forcibly feel, that they act wisely when they obey; for
every

every virtue is a habit, and habits can only be acquired by exercise.

Secondly, always judge and act as you would wish your children to do, for children have more faith in your actions than in your words. If one contradicts the other, they will no longer believe your words, but imitate your actions. You may have shewn them the deformity of anger, but if on every trifling occasion you suffer yourself to be carried away by passion, and in your heat use improper expressions to your friends and servants, children will not readily believe that anger is so very hateful, when their parents are subject to it. Experience has convinced me that children catch their faults from their parents and servants, and in education a good foundation is laid when they are not taught to do ill.

Receive

Receive now, respectable parents, this Book, with my sincere wish that it may produce much comfort in your families. Great, inexpressibly great would be my reward, if it proves half as useful as I intended it to be.—If it prevent, or root out of our little posterity, the number of prejudices which prey, like poisonous insects, on human happiness,—if it excite in them a love for virtue, and a detestation for every thing mean and vicious,—if it twist the relaxed band between parents and children, and give the former a taste for the sweetest of all enjoyments which God has sent us—a taste for domestic pleasures. Those which are sought for from home, are, in general, costly, producing trouble and weariness of mind, and weakness and pain of body; on the contrary, the felicity which is enjoyed in the bosom of our families is always within our reach, and healthful both to the
mind

mind and body. Without domestic happiness, no other joys are able to procure us lasting satisfaction, or tranquillity, but when this is secure, all others please.

DIRECTIONS for placing the PLATES in Vol. I.

FRONTISPIECE to face the TITLE.

Plate 1 to face page 11.

2 15.

3 20.

4 24.

5 28.

6 41.

7 57.

8 60.

9 81.

10 84.

11 90.

12 124.

13 130.

14 136.

15 144.



E L E M E N T S
O F
M O R A L I T Y.

CHAPTER. I.

IN the city of Bristol lived once a merchant, whose name was Jones. He was an honest industrious man, and had been so attentive to business that in the course of ten or twelve years he acquired a considerable fortune ; sufficient to procure not only the necessaries, but even the superfluities of life. He had a flower-garden, and his house was decorated with various beautiful pictures ; besides, he could afford, when he wished, to ride in a coach, to drink wine, and enjoy many

VOL. I.

B

pleasures

2 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

pleasures which men may live very contentedly without ; therefore he was called a rich man.

But amongst the various beautiful things which he possessed, none were so dear to him, as his wife and two children, Charles and Mary. After the fatigue of business, he always relaxed himself in their society ; and a cheerful look from his wife, a kiss from his children, afforded him more delight than all his fine furniture and pictures. He seldom relished any pleasure without them, but was constantly endeavouring to contrive such amusements as were at the same time instructive. When he walked in his garden, or in the fields, before breakfast, to taste the sweet morning air and hear the birds sing, or sought the cool shade in the evening, they generally accompanied him, unless the children had misbehaved ; but this seldom happened ; for they really were good ; and though



though they probably had many of the faults common to children, yet they always sincerely desired to please their parents and every body. One day Mr. Jones was sitting with his wife and children by the side of a rivulet, eating cherries with them; he pointed to the fish as they sported in the water, and related many wonderful things of the animals, which a gracious God had created to live in the water.—He was interrupted by the sound of wheels.

The children eagerly listened, and looked wistfully up at their father's face, as it were to ask leave to run to the road side to see the sight. He smiled, waved his hand, and away they both ran, and saw a beautiful coach drawn by four black prancing horses. Make haste, make haste, cried the children, come and see this fine carriage! Mr. Jones was willing to indulge them; but when the gentleman

4 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

in the coach saw him advancing he stopped it, and jumping out caught Mr. Jones by the hand, and shook it cordially, saying, how glad I am thus accidentally to meet you, for I am now returning disappointed from your house, where I hoped to have found you. Mr. Jones invited Sir William, for he was a baronet, to sit down and partake of their little feast; but he excused himself, because his stomach was weak, and he was afraid of the evening air. I came, added he, to request your company at my country seat to-morrow, to celebrate my birth-day, and I shall be happy to see Mrs. Jones and the children: I know she is ever unwilling to leave the little ones at home. They began to smile, and made signs to each other, as much as to say; yes, we shall go, our father will go and take us with him. Mr. Jones reading in the countenance of his wife, and the restrained laugh of the children, that they wished him

him to go, readily assented; and the children jumped for joy, as they attended Sir William to the carriage.

They then returned and seated themselves again round the basket of cherries, and could talk of nothing but the pleasure they expected the next day.

Going home they were full of little projects, and asked so many questions that they stopped at their own door before they were aware of it. A servant was immediately sent to hire a coach, which she was to order exactly at five o'clock in the morning. The children were then sent to bed, and were desired by their parents, when they kissed them, and bade them good night, to remember and rise early to dress themselves in time, that they might not have to wait for them.

6 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

Mary was up before four ; she roused the whole house, and ran from room to room, singing and dancing ; and when she saw her mother ready to go down stairs, she returned to her own room to look for her bonnet—Suddenly she dropped her song, and remained silent near her closet door, on the floor of which her bonnet lay : she had tossed it carelessly there when she returned from paying a visit with her mother. Her brother saw her eyes full of tears, and enquired what was the matter that she would not come and play with him.

Let me alone, said she, I do not know what I shall do. He ran half crying to his mother to know the cause ;—What have you done to Mary ? said he, in a sorrowful tone ; we were laughing and playing together just now, and indeed I have not vexed her, yet she turns her back on me, and will not speak to me.

The

The maid brought in the breakfast, whilst they were speaking;—Go and call your sister, answered the mother, and I shall soon hear what is the matter with her. He went, but quickly returned, saying his sister could not eat any breakfast this morning.—Not eat any breakfast! repeated the tender mother, go again, and desire her to come to me directly.

Mary came trembling, her eyes were red with weeping; she hung down her head, and held in her hand, behind her, the muslin bonnet her mother had made her when she went last time to see her cousins; it was covered with dirt, and unfit to wear. How has this happened? asked Mrs. Jones; Pray my dear mother forgive me, sobbed out the weeping girl, and indeed I will never in my life again neglect to do as you bid me, and put my bonnet in the box. The father entered and saw her in tears, and

8 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

his wife, whom he had left a moment before, very cheerful, now looked grave and displeased. She pointed to the dirty rumpled bonnet, and Mary caught her father's hand, repeating her lamentations; poor girl, said he, you have deprived yourself of the pleasure we wished to procure you. Dear father, dear mother, cried Mary, turning from one to the other, surely you will not leave me at home.—Oh!—you will not leave me! My child, answered her mother, do you not recollect that you have not another bonnet fit to go in; and that this is the second time that you have neglected to put it by in the box I gave you, that you might keep it clean till you wanted to wear it again; I cannot help you: I must leave you at home, because I should be ashamed to let you appear in company such a dirty figure. I shall not enjoy half the pleasure I expected, now I am obliged to leave you at home; but remember, that the disappointment entirely
arises

arises from your own thoughtlessness, and your not paying proper attention to my example, who always keep my clothes in order.

Mary would have said more, but they saw the coach drive up to the door, and finished their breakfast in a hurry, not to keep the horses waiting. Mr. Jones took hold of Charles's hand, and after desiring Mary to remember to be more careful for the future, they drove off, leaving her weeping on the steps. Her longing eyes followed the carriage till it turned the corner of the street, then she stole sobbing to her own room, undressed herself, and wept most piteously. *What a hateful thing is slovenliness,* said she, *it has deprived me of all my promised pleasure.* The other day, when my little cousins came to our house, I was ashamed to go into the parlour, because I had thrown ink on my frock, after my mother desired me to be careful.

10 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

Another day, an old gentleman came into the room when they were playing with me; he kissed them all, and gave them some fruit;—yes, all of them;—yet he left me standing as if he did not see me: my mother told me afterwards, that he was disgusted with me because my face was dirty, and my hair tangled: now I am left at home, and I have vexed my father and mother; I know that they love me, and wished to take me with them, when they went in a coach such a pleasant journey.—How the sun shines, and here I am alone, crying, instead of going with them to see a fine house and garden;—foolish girl that I am!

She sat silent some time, then dried her eyes, and began to fold up her clothes, and put her drawers and closet in order; and she gave the house-maid a shilling, she had saved, to wash the bonnet, over

which I had thrown out on my way.





O! this Slovenliness is a nasty thing.

which she had wept plentifully. This employment amused her a little while; but she began to lament again, when she had no more to do. My shilling is thrown away, thought she, as much as if I had tossed it out of the window; had I been more careful, I might have bought a new book full of stories, or have given it to the poor girl my mother sent my old shoes to, whom I yesterday saw trembling with cold; it is all my own fault: *Oh! this slovenliness is a nasty thing.*

Mean while the coach drove quickly over hill and dale.

CHAPTER. II.

ABOUT eleven o'clock, they reached Sir William's mansion house; a servant received them, and made an apology for his master, who was still in bed: he informed them that he had caught cold by being out so late the evening before, in the air, and had taken something warm when he went to rest, to carry it off by perspiration. He then offered to shew them the way to the breakfast parlour; but Mr. Jones, who saw the garden through the hall look very inviting, proposed a walk, and his wife and son readily consented.

It was a beautiful garden, or rather pleasure ground; and every sweet path offered something new to their view, whilst they breathed the air perfumed by
violets,

violets, pinks, roses, and various other flowers: they came to a lawn which surpassed all, and commanded a fine extensive view of the country; a little stream, artfully conducted from a neighbouring river, bubbled through it, and rustic seats made of roots, and plaited osiers were placed under shady trees. They stopped to feast their eyes with the smiling prospect, and sat down on one of the inviting seats: for some time they remained quite silent, till, pressing each others hands, they exclaimed, well, this is beautiful! This is charming! After they had gazed some time, Mr. Jones observed that man was a noble creature; that he made all nature bend to his power, and by his industry turned a barren waste into a fruitful garden, planting therein a number of wholesome vegetables and sweet flowers, collected from different parts of the world; forcing the wild trees to produce

delicious

14 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

delicious apples and pears, and making the water run over dry ground.

While he was speaking, they heard a little noise behind the hedge; Charles started up to look from whence it came, and saw a poor labourer eating his dinner; a crust of brown bread, and a morsel of cheese; this was his whole meal, and he washed it down with a draught of pure water from the brook. Look, said Charles, there sits a very poor man, who has nothing to eat but bread and cheese, and only water to drink; poor man, I pity him! And yet he may perhaps be a contented man, answered his father; come, we will try to make an acquaintance with him, and hear what he has to say of his own situation. They turned down another walk, and found the man under a spreading tree; in his countenance they saw, when they approached nearer,

an





*Health is dearer to me than a whole
Sack full of Gold.*

an expression of honesty; and contentment smiled in every rough feature.

God give a blessing to your meal, said Mr. Jones: thank you master, replied the countryman. And do you contrive to live contented, my good man, asked Mr. Jones, for this little boy thinks you must be very unhappy with such a scanty meal? The world goes very well with me, master, replied he, I wish it went as well with every body as with me: *I am well, thank God, and health is dearer to me than a whole sack-full of gold:* as long as I have health, I can work hard, and laugh at the foolish fancies rich people vex themselves about. After I have dug from five in the morning almost till noon, bless my heart, how good I find my meal; with what an appetite I eat my bread and cheese; believe me, my noble master, though he be lord of the manor, finds not his dainties half as good; and
when

16 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

when I go to bed, my sleep is so sound, I do not want a soft bed I assure you; nay, I could sleep on the ground, if it was to come to that. I have worked in this garden ten years, and maintained my wife and children by the sweat of my own brow, have had a decent coat to go to church in, and a bit of meat of a Sunday, if times were not very hard; and no one ever heard John complain, I will be bold to say: but thank God, I have never been sick; sickness throws a man sadly back in the world, and sends many a poor child to the workhouse.—John was going on, but a servant came to tell them that Sir William was up, and waited for them, so they were obliged to wish John a good morning.

They hastened to the house. What a grand house! The hall was supported by pillars of fine marble, with beautiful statues in the niches; and a number of servants

vants were busy preparing a splendid repast. They ascended a noble flight of stairs, and were conducted through some large rooms, elegantly furnished and hung with pictures and glasses richly gilt: at last they were ushered into the drawing room, and saw Sir William reclining on a sofa, leaning his head on his hand; his face was pale, and his languid eyes, sunk in their red sockets, were scarcely opened. When they entered, he rose with some difficulty to receive them. Excuse my staying in bed, said he, for I have had a wretched night; towards the morning I slumbered an hour or so, but I am not at all the better for it. My head, my head is very heavy, and my stomach turns at the very sight of food; I have an oppression at my breast, a stitch in my side, Oh! Oh!—Mr. Jones expressed his compassion, and he went on for an hour, giving them a history of his various complaints: he mentioned a number of physicians

18 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

ficians to whom he had applied; described the disagreeable operations he had undergone, and the nauseous medicines he had taken. Before he had finished the dismal recital more company entered, who congratulated him on account of its being his birth-day; but he could only complain of his indisposition, which rendered life a burthen, and would not allow him one day to rejoice with his visitors. His lowness of spirits spread a gloom over the conversation, till they were relieved by a servant who came to tell them that dinner was served up, and all the company gladly repaired to the dining parlour.

They passed through a range of servants, who stood in the hall, dressed in rich liveries; and on entering the room, it was a superb sight to see the table covered with silver dishes, and plate and glass glittering on noble sideboards.

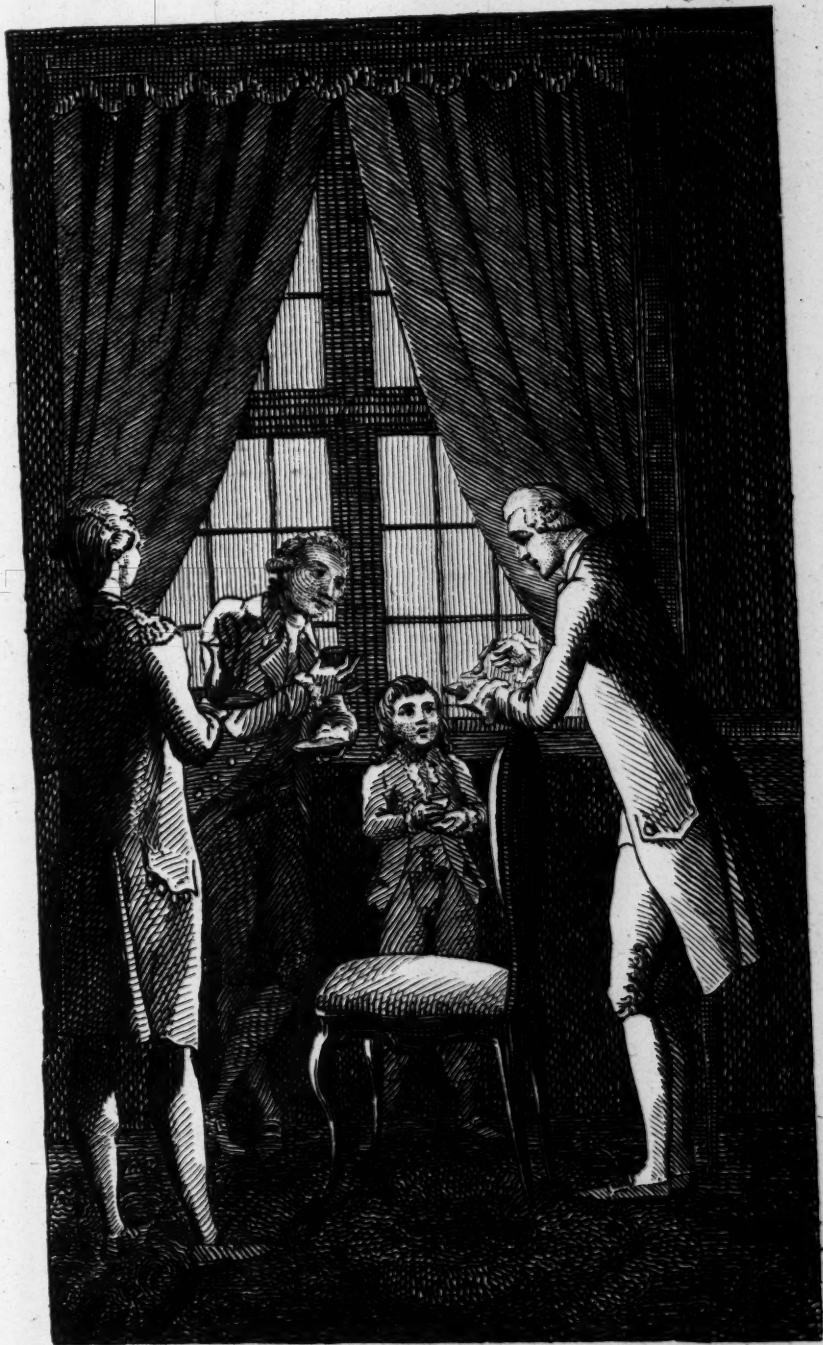
They

They were soon seated, and one course succeeded another, consisting of the greatest dainties the season afforded, dressed in such various ways, that it would require the knowledge of a French cook to describe them: sweetmeats, fruit, and many different sorts of wine followed. A fine band of music struck up, and played the most lively airs; and the company seemed to enjoy the feast, all but Sir William; he was helped to many things, which he sent away after he had laboured to eat a bit or two to shew his respect for the company.

When they returned to the drawing-room to drink coffee, Mr. Jones and his son stood with Sir William at a bow-window to view the grand prospect it commanded. A fine track of ground extended itself on every side, but it was only a part of Sir William's great estate. I am glad to see you so happy, said Mr. Jones,

20 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

Jones, addressing his friend; you have all that the heart of man could wish for; your garden, your house, your table and servants are princely. Happy! exclaimed Sir William, I! wretched man! I believe there crawls not under the sun a more miserable creature than I am. *Of what use are all these things you have enumerated, when I have not health?* Did you not remark that I scarcely tasted the various dishes, and all my costly furniture is lost on me; I am so continually in pain, when I lie down, I turn from side to side, unable to sleep; or should I slumber, frightful dreams, the consequence of a slow fever, fatigue me as much as watchfulness: you tell me my garden is pleasant; I seldom walk in it, lest I should catch cold; and my children were all so weak, they died in their infancy; I have none to nurse me, and sickness makes all my acquaintance fly from me:—It is true, many of my relations visit me; but
I think



*Of what use are all these things to me
when I have not Health?*



I think they only come to calculate how long I shall thus gradually be sinking into the grave. Believe me, my dear friend, I often wish to be in the place of one of my day labourers, to be able to eat, drink, sleep, and laugh; and to have children to take care of me in my old age. I see them dancing round the sturdy plowman, while I, wretched man, am a burthen to myself. He raised his eyes towards Heaven, and a tear stole down his pale cheeks.

CHAP.

CHAPTER. III.

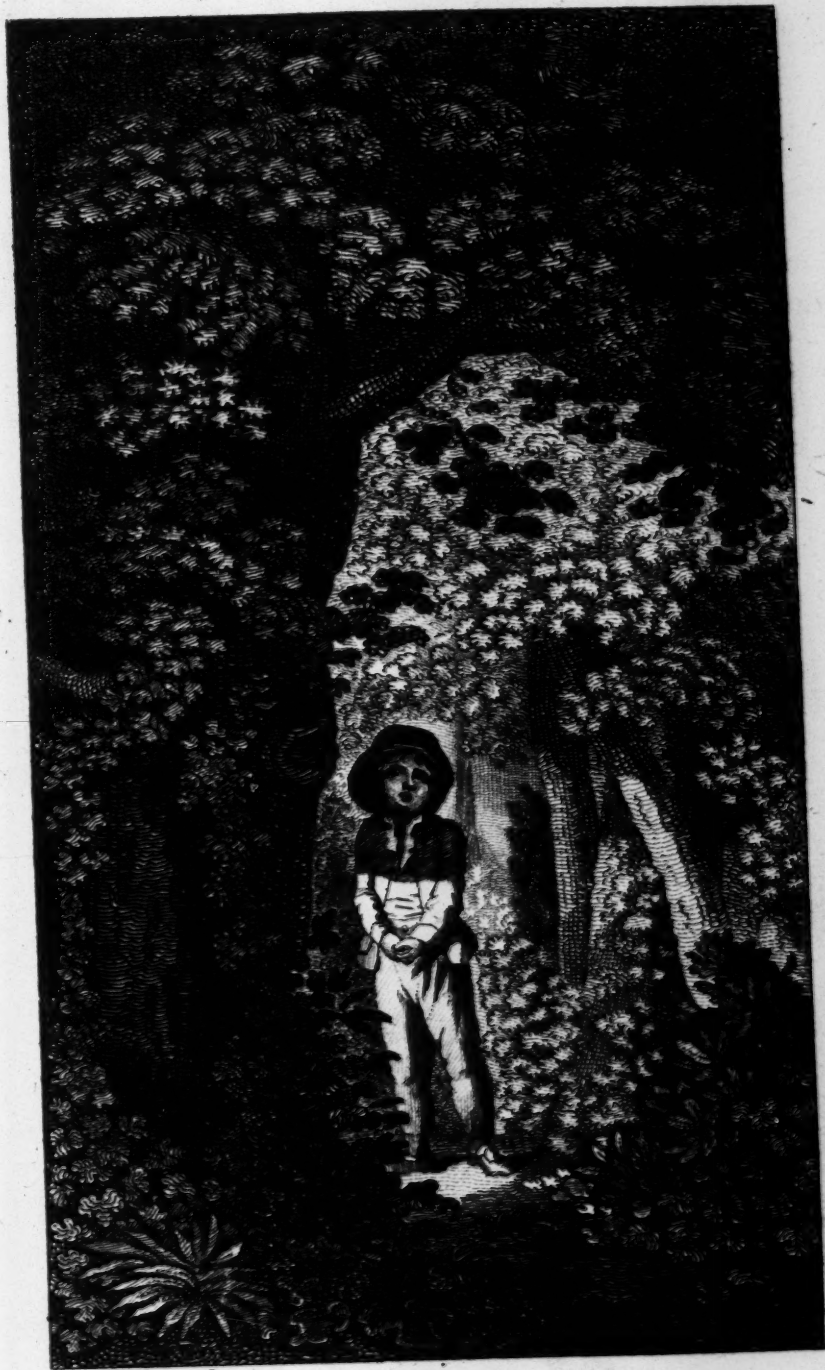
AFTER dinner, Charles went to play in the garden, and was so delighted with the variety of new objects, which caught his eye, wherever it turned, that he thought he could never see enough. At last he observed through the garden gate that there was still much more to be seen. The river ran through the meadows, and willows grew on its banks. He followed its winding course, till a wood diverted his attention; now, thought he, I must see where that pretty path leads. He ran to it, and trembled with pleasure when he entered the cool shade; but he had scarcely advanced twenty steps before he lost sight of the meadows. Thick bushes surrounded him, above which oaks and beeches elevated themselves majestically, on whose summit he only saw a little blue

sky. All was still as in an uninhabited island; unless the croaking of a raven, or the cooing of a wood-pigeon resounded through the trees. This gloom, this solitude, the profound silence, and the hoarse croaking which sometimes interrupted it, made Charles feel an indistinct sensation of fear. He advanced cautiously, and looked round with timidity at every step. Sometimes it came into his head to turn back, but still he loitered, attracted by the sight of many wild flowers he had never seen before, and other pretty things.

One moment he pursued a butterfly, then stopped to gather blackberries, and here and there he found some wood strawberries; sometimes he gathered them for his mother, then for himself. In short, when he had his pockets and hands full of blackberries and flowers, he resolved to turn back and seek for the garden

24 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

garden gate. He turned, quickened his pace, and walked a long time looking forward, expecting every moment to see the end of the wood; but he looked in vain; he walked till he was tired, yet no meadows could he see. Then it came into his head that he had lost himself, and was wandering still further out of his way. At this thought he felt a cold shivering run over his body, and he could hardly draw his breath, his heart was so full. *What will become of me, thought he*, if I am obliged to remain in the wood with nothing to eat or drink! must I—oh, must I lie in the dark; perhaps, a serpent or some bad man, may come and kill me while I slumber. I have heard my mother talk of gypsies, who strip little children and leave them naked or carry them away; and they never see their dear parents any more. O my mother, dear mother, shall I never see you again! He was so disturbed by these



What will become of me!



these sad apprehensions, that he knew not what to do, or which way to turn. But he might easily have found his way out, if he had had sense enough to remark the position of the sun, and directed his steps accordingly; or if he had pursued a beaten path, it would have led him to a village, or at least to a farm house; but fear made him incapable of reflection. He never thought of looking at the sun, and after pursuing one path a little while, he turned without any reason into another, which for a moment he believed to be the right one. Once he was indeed in the right path, because he found a branch of blackberries which he had left there, intending to take them home with him when he turned back. Had he been a man he would probably have continued in this road; but the reason of a little child is as weak as its body. He could not reason justly on account of his youth,

C

and

26 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

and wanted his father's advice to teach him how to think, as much as his strong arm to support a poor tired boy, whose legs tottered under him.

More and more confused, he scrambled through thorns and briars at the glimpse of a new path. In this state of anxiety the night came on. It grew darker and darker, and as the day shut in he began to weep aloud. However, the moon soon was up, it was at the full, and enlightened the whole wood; but it only increased poor Charles's terror. While it was dark the wood appeared all black, and he could not distinguish any particular thing to be afraid of; but the confined light of the moon gave to the objects which surrounded him the most fantastic figures. At a little distance he imagined that he saw a little black man sitting waving his head backwards and forwards,

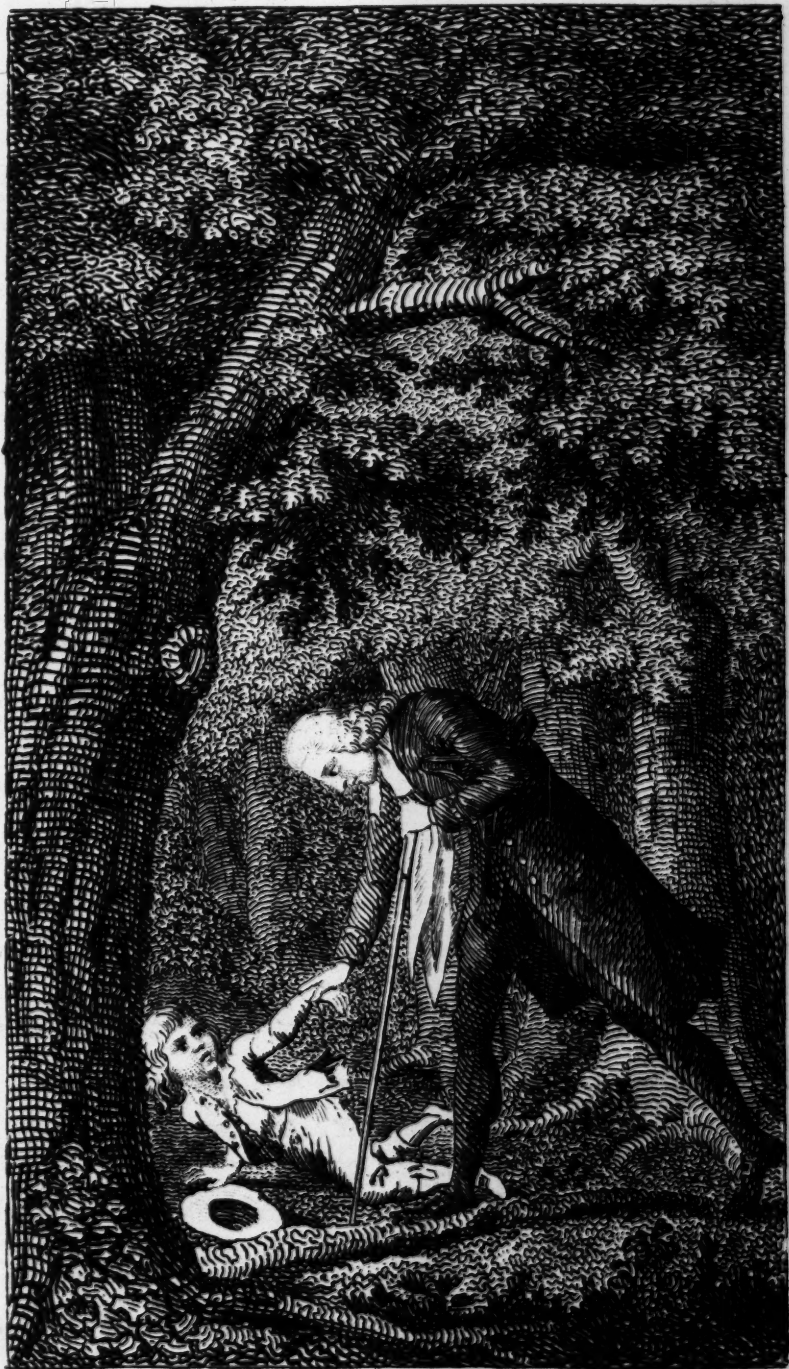
forwards, that then a great white thing came out of a bush; nay, that a death's head peeped through an oak, and not far from it, something with horns and a long tail. In fact there were none of these things; he only saw bushes, broken branches, and a white horse; yet fear rendered his mind so weak that he could not consider tranquilly how foolish his conjectures were, nor had he sufficient courage to approach to see the objects distinctly.

At last he recollected his father's advice, and fell on his knees and prayed to God to have pity on him. Oh, my father, who art in Heaven, he sobbed out, forsake not a poor lost child! Tears almost choked him; but he was soon roused by a rustling among the bushes, and now indeed he really saw a tall black figure approach him, with a white cap

on its head, and a milk white pigeon flew before it. He started up, but was so weak that his legs sunk under him, and he fell again on the ground; however, as he plainly saw it advance nearer and nearer, fear gave him strength, and screaming out he sprang forward.—The thing followed him, crying *stop, stop*; but he ran heedlessly on, and running against the root of a tree he fell and was caught. The terror which seized him is not to be described, he neither heard nor saw any thing, and his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth when he attempted to utter a few inarticulate words.

Notwithstanding all this terror, the black man was not such a wicked thing as Charles supposed; his hand far from being as cold as ice, was warm, and pressed him gently. Poor child, said he, what aileth thee? how camest thou here? and why art thou afraid of me?

The



Stop! Stop!

Published by J. Johnson. Oct. 1790.



The black man was obliged to repeat these questions several times before Charles had power to answer him. At last, gathering a little courage, he asked with a trembling voice, who are you? I am, replied the black man, neither a spirit nor a thief; but the curate of a village not far off. Now the half dead Charles began to breathe again, and observing the figure his imagination had made so hideous, he saw in reality a clergyman with a white wig.

The joy he felt may easily be conceived, for he now hoped to find his way out of the wood, conducted by this friendly man; but recollecting himself he asked, where is the white pigeon, which flew before you? A white pigeon, answered he, I did not see one, where should it come from at such a late hour? fear has undoubtedly clouded your sight.

While he was speaking Charles saw him rub a white handkerchief across his forehead, for he had been walking fast to hasten home, and had taken off his hat to wipe his temples when Charles took his wig for a huge cap. Now he was more tranquil he could reflect, and sensibly concluded that fear had transformed that very white handkerchief into a pigeon.

Glad to hear the sound of his own voice, and to hold a man's hand, he began to relate how he came into the wood, lost himself, and what terrible things he had seen, adding, when I saw you coming I thought—I know not what I thought, I was so terrified. And did you not tell your parents, asked the clergyman, that you were going to walk in the wood? No, replied Charles. The clergyman drew back a step or two, astonished

astonished, and let fall his hand, saying, thy father know nothing of it!—what an imprudent child thou art. Such a young boy, who can have learned so little, should never have ventured out of the house without leave. God put it into the hearts of men to keep their children longer at home with them, than dogs keep their puppies, or hens their chickens, because a child is still more helpless, has more to learn, and could not so readily find its own food, or act properly, if not directed by a man who had lived a long time in the world. As you grow taller, if you are a good boy, you will grow wiser, and learn from the example of your parents, and other men, how to take care of yourself. But now your parents know that you are so ignorant and helpless they will be very uneasy. Charles had forgotten every thing when he was terrified almost out of his wits; but he

began to weep again as soon as he thought of his father and mother. Be composed, said Mr. Benson, for that was the name of the clergyman, I will send a message to them as soon as I reach home. Charles again recovered his vivacity, and encouraged by the kind treatment he had met with, ventured to ask more questions.

Charles. Dear Sir, what were all the things I saw in the wood? the little man in black,—the death's head,—the horns?

Curate. I will explain all to you. Did you not perceive that as soon as you imagined you had lost yourself, you thought of all the accidents which could happen to a child in such a situation, you trembled and could scarcely breathe; was it not so?

Charles.

Charles. Yes, just so.

Curate. What you felt was fear. Fear is a sad thing, it makes people very foolish. They can neither see clearly nor hear distinctly when it becomes violent; and it seems as if all the accidents they thought of were just at hand. They soon really have cause to be sorrowful, for thinking they have not strength to avoid the threatening danger, they make no effort, or run directly into the evil they should shun.

This happened to a man who now lives in my parish, who was a foldier in America last war. He was an idle boy, and never learned to think or do any thing in a regular manner. Very late in the evening of a winter's day, his captain had occasion to send him in a hurry, with some orders to a detached troop, and he

34 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

was obliged to cross the skirts of one of the vast wastes in America. He had often heard that the natives lurked in thickets, and rode trembling along, expecting to see them rush out of every bush. At last he actually thought he saw a body of the copper coloured men, who inhabit those tractless woods, coming towards him with menacing gestures, loud shouts, and horrid yells, as he had heard described. Though all was still, save the rustling of the leaves, which a strong wind whistled through, he imagined that they were close at his heels, and spurring his horse, it set off full speed, till he let fall the reins; endeavouring to catch them again he fell over the horse's head, and broke his leg by the fall. On the ground he remained a long time groaning, till his groans reached the ears of one of those men, whom we Europeans with white complexions call savages; his

his heart, however, was humane, the same blood warmed it which mounts to beautify a fair face. He held the soldier's head against his bosom till he recovered his senses, then took him on his shoulders and carried him to his cabin; for the terrified man had actually approached one. He soon gathered some sticks together, lighted a fire, and brought him all the refreshment the cabin afforded; afterwards he made him a bed, covering a mat with the skins of all the wild animals he had killed. Nor was this all, he ran fearlessly to the same common to seek for some salutary herbs, which he applied to his wound and bound up his leg. Every day did he hunt for food, and dress it for his enemy, and when he could limp along carried him within sight of the camp, and pressing his sick brother's hand against his forehead, he prayed the Great Spirit to take care of him,

36 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

him, and conduct him safe to his own country.

It was the same in your case; you thought so long of the accidents you had heard of, that you created them. Believe me, the little black man, the death's head, and the rest of the things you have mentioned, were only branches of trees, which your heated imagination, like the foldier's, gave forms to, though in fact no such things were near. If you had not been terrified, and had always followed the same beaten path, you would certainly have found your way out of the wood, for it is not very extensive. But fear made you wander foolishly from one path to another, without considering what you ought to have done immediately upon discovering that you had lost your way. If I had not met you, some unlucky accident might, through this unreasonable

unreasonable fear, have befallen you. Charles now held the clergyman's hand still fatter: and when you saw me, continued he, how did you feel?

Charles. I can scarcely tell you, I trembled in every limb; tried to scream out for help, but my tongue would not move, and when I attempted to run, my legs bent under me.

Curate. What you felt was fear, which is very useful to make men careful, when directed by reason; but very hurtful to weak men and children, who have not sufficient strength of mind to moderate it, and keep it within due bounds. I have heard of men who have suddenly dropped down dead with terror, or been seized with dreadful fits: and sometimes it renders them so foolish that they lose all their senses for a moment,
and

38 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

and fly into the very evil they wished to avoid.

My own experience taught me this. When I was at the university, the house in which I lived took fire. You may suppose that we were all terrified to see the flames bursting out at midnight; but my presence of mind soon returned; I hastened to pack up my books and clothes, and carried them to a place of safety, and returned to assist the rest of the family. But the student, who lodged in the next chamber to me, was so disturbed by fear that he knew not what to do—lost time in enquiring how the fire began, and complaining of the carelessness of the servants: in short, he brought nothing out of his chamber but an old draught board; and if I had not exerted myself, all his books would have been lost, as well as his clothes, which I had not time to carry
3 away.

away. If then, my child, you wish to live contented, and have such a degree of presence of mind as will enable you to be useful to your fellow creatures, guard against vain fears.

Charles. But how am I to do it? Now the terror is over—I wonder at my fear, it is quite gone.

Curate. It is not possible to guard against all fear, or entirely banish the sudden sensations which, in a certain degree, are useful, or God would not have planted them in our mind, but try to moderate them by reflection, that they may not disturb your reason and senses; and only fear the dangers you really see, and not those your imagination creates. You will soon succeed, if you think often that many things have not happened as you feared they would, and that those

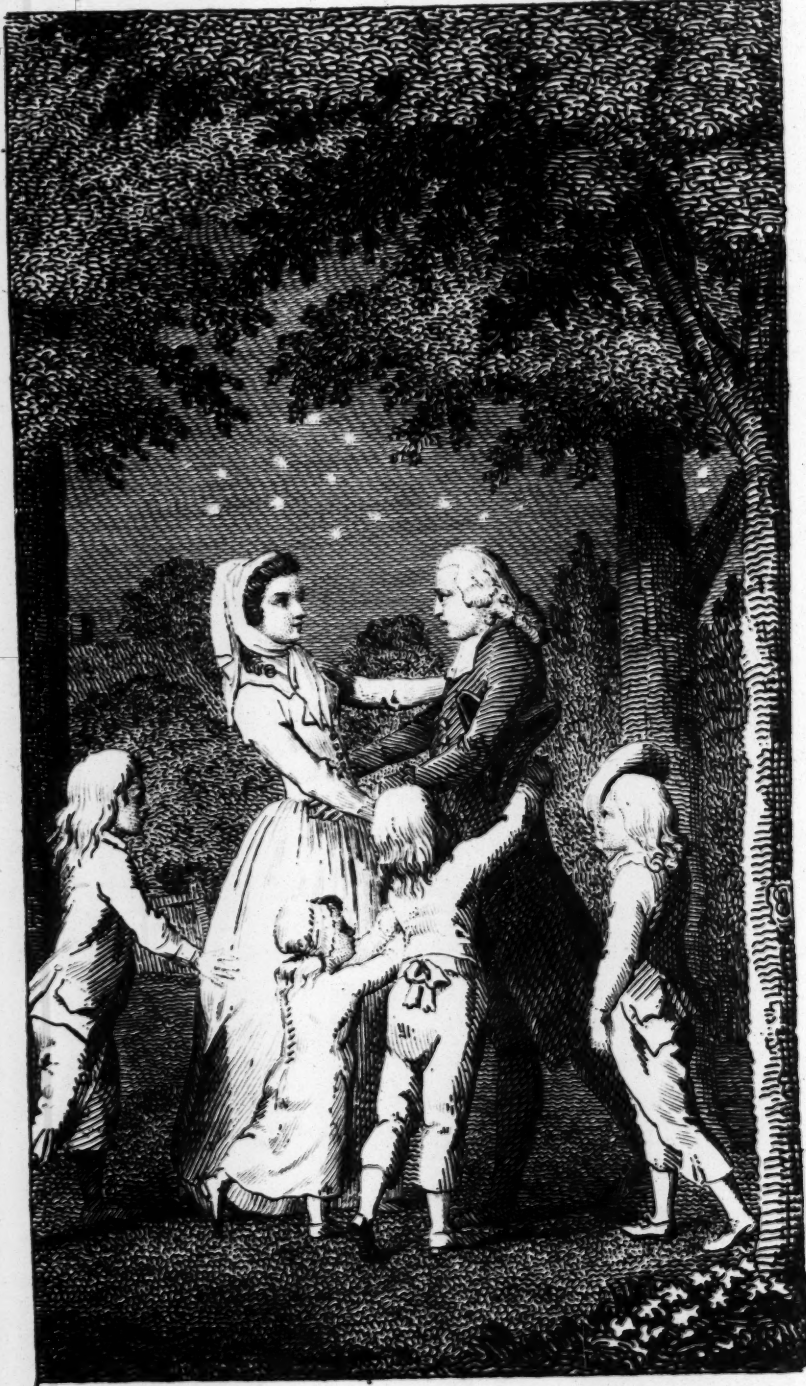
you

40 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

you could not avoid were not half so dreadful as you had represented to yourself in the first moment of fear. You should try to think of the best method to avoid real danger, instead of giving way to fear, which creates imaginary difficulties. If you are good, and learn to think as you grow up, your mind will grow strong, and you will acquire true courage, which in the hour of danger keeps the head clear, and enables the mind to see the proper step which it should resolutely take, undisturbed by unnecessary terror.—When you can trust in God, however, as you now trust in me, you will have nothing to fear.—A child looks up to a man for protection,—a man to God.

CHAP.





There he is! There comes our dear Father.

Published by J. Johnson. Oct^r. 1. 1790.

CHAPTER IV.

Y E S, *there he is!* my dearest husband—there comes our father, our dear father! cried a little group, who met the curate. They were his wife and children, who had expected him above an hour, and growing a little uneasy, came out to meet him. His wife kissed his cheek, and two of the children caught his hand, while the little one, who could not speak plain, embraced his knees.

They quickly enquired who that little boy was, whom he had brought home in his hand? He informed them in a few words, that he was a child who had ram- bled into the wood unknown to his pa- rents, and lost himself. At the same time requested his wife to walk home before them,

42 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

them, and call on one of his poor parishioners, who would, for a mug of cider, go to relieve Charles's parents from their anxiety, by assuring them that he was safe; he added, that he would follow her slowly with the children, because the poor stray child was so fatigued he could not walk fast. The tender mother, feeling for the afflicted parents, hastened to the village, and sent a peasant immediately with a message to them. The clergyman followed with his three children, who tripped along before him, while he slackened his pace that he might converse with Charles, who could hardly drag one foot after the other.

Curate. Were you pleased, my dear, to see my children run with so much joy to meet and kiss me?

Charles,

Charles. O yes ! If my father was now to meet us I should do so to, I should be so glad.

Curate. You would be glad, and why ?

Charles. Why ? Sir I do not understand you ; he is very good to me, and loves me dearly, how can I help being glad when I see him again ?

Curate. Do you know then what joy is ? We feel it when something agreeable suddenly occurs. My wife and children rejoiced to see me again, because they love me, and know that I have their good at heart, and you would on the same account rejoice to see your parents.

But believe me, my dear child, that even joy, when it is too strong, does as much harm as violent fear. It disturbs

turbs the operations of the understanding to such a degree, that a man is no longer directed by reason, and in this confusion often hurts himself. I have a sister who fainted when she heard that she had gained a great prize in the lottery : and a peasant in my parish, whose son came home suddenly from sea, after he had given him up for lost above five years, felt such lively joy, that he ran like a madman down stairs, and missing a step, fell and dislocated his ancle.—Guard then against immoderate joy.

Charles. How am I to guard against it?

Curate. You must often think that the unexpected good is never as great as we at first imagine, and that there is always something disagreeable attached to it.

My

My sister, for instance,--her prize caused her much vexation. As soon as it was known that she had been so fortunate, all her relations flocked round; some borrowed money, and others received handsome presents from her; yet few of them were satisfied; they teased her almost to death with importunities, and did not scruple to call her unfeeling and covetous. If she had foreseen all this care, or only considered a moment, that riches never purchased content, she would not have fainted through excess of joy. And as for the peasant's son who returned so unexpectedly, from sea, he had been from ship to ship, and became a thief, so that after he came back he would neither work nor obey his father. If the unfortunate parent had thought of this, and represented to himself that perhaps the son who had so long neglected to write to his old father might not be an honest man,

46 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

man, he would not have been so intoxicated with joy, nor have stepped so heedlessly.

They now approached the Curate's house, and the dog sprang out to meet them, testifying his joy by a number of tricks and marks of fondness, till they all entered through the garden into the house.

CHAP.

CHAPTER V.

HENRIETTA, the Curate's wife, received her dear guests very affectionately; and after informing them that she had sent the message to Charles's parents, she conducted them into the room in which she had spread a table for supper.

It was a very frugal repast. There was neither meat nor pastry to be seen, a plate of cherries and some bread and cheese made the whole of the meal. But the healthy friendly countenances which surrounded the table, made it appear much more pleasant than Sir William's sumptuous feast.

Come

48 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

Come children, let us eat and be merry,
said the good clergyman, we are in health,
are hungry, and here is sufficient to satisfy
us ; and, turning to Charles, he added,
you are with good friendly people, and
what more is necessary to make us all
happy ?

Charles seated himself, and eat with
a good appetite, and he grew still more
lively, when Mr. Benson began a con-
versation which was entirely new to him.
How, asked he, children have you no-
thing new to relate ? Henrietta soon re-
lated that she had read of a Lady, who
when an acquaintance visited her, and
begged to see her jewels, and other pre-
cious things, sent for her children, and
said, behold my treasure ; these are dearer
to me than all the gold or jewels in
the world.—George, the eldest son, told
the little history of a man who had been
ship-

shipwrecked, and hearing all the crew lament the loss of their goods, said tranquilly, I have every thing with me. Henry, the youngest son, said that he had read of a nobleman, who would not give his daughter to a gentleman who had demanded her in marriage, before he had learned a mechanical trade. The little Caroline lisped out something about a young mouse, who had not obeyed its mother, and went, contrary to her advice, to play with a cat, who caught her and worried her to death. And the Curate entertained the company with the history of a ghost, which in the beginning was very dreadful to hear, but in the end excited a universal laugh, because it soon appeared that it was only the trick of some giddy young people, who wished to amuse themselves by terrifying others.

It was a custom at the curate's, that whoever supped with them, should repeat

VOL. I.

D

something

something to amuse the company; and now came Charles's turn; they pressed him, according to custom, to tell them a story; but as he could not recollect one, he simply related how he had wandered out of the garden and lost himself. As he was obliged, during the relation to speak sometimes of his father and mother, they soon perceived that after uttering their names he became more sad, and before he concluded, tears rushed into his eyes, and he asked permission to leave the room for a moment. He was allowed to retire, and not returning soon, the Curate sought all over the house and in the yard for him; but no Charles could he find. At last he discovered him behind the kitchen door, weeping bitterly.

Curate. What is the matter with my little guest?

Charles. Nothing at all.

Curate.

Curate. Something must ail you, or you would not cry.

Charles. Ah ! if I were with my dear father and mother !

Curate. You now feel my child, languor, or a violent and uneasy desire to see some absent person, whom you love ; I do not blame you for it, no one ought to be so dear to a good child as his parents ; and he should feel a little uneasy when he is parted from them. But my dear child, if you would live contented, you must learn to moderate this as well as fear and joy, or you will miss many pleasures. Do you think you can bring them here by your longing and crying ? Certainly not ; you know it is impossible. Of what use is then this violent desire, which makes you so very uncomfortable ?—Come, we are just ready to begin

52 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

to play in the parlour, where you will find something to amuse you and make you laugh; but if you will still obstinately indulge your useless longing, you will lose, at least, one pleasant hour of your life. Come with me and be cheerful; your father and mother are well; before this time they know that you are with those who will take care of you, therefore they are no longer uneasy on your account. To-morrow I will take you to them, then you may kiss and talk to them as much as you please.

Charles. No, no, leave me alone, let me cry here, I cannot play.

Curate. Well, if you will cry, I cannot help you.

He returned to the parlour, and they all came round him, asking eagerly,
where

where is he? what is the matter with poor Charles?

Curate. Behind the kitchen door, sighing and crying after his father and mother.

Poor boy, they all said, in the same breath, let us try to do something for him. They ran out, and taking him by the hand, they prayed him not to cry; but he cried still more. They drew him into the parlour; but he turned his face to the wall and continued to sob.

Begin to play, children, said the Curate, the evening is passing away; but they did not hear him, they were so anxious to persuade the little stranger to leave off crying. So it happens, continued he, when we long for any thing out of our reach; we not only deprive

D 3

ourselves

54 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

ourselves of much pleasure, but by continuing to weep and lament we disturb the social comfort of our friends. I have looked forward during the whole day to the pleasure I should enjoy this evening;—my wife and children have eagerly expected my return, and this little boy destroys all; come my dear, take the children to bed, and I will go to my chamber. He rose, and they all prepared to follow him, with disheartened faces.

Charles now began to reflect, that it was very ungrateful and unbecoming to disturb the pleasure of those good people who had taken so much pains to amuse him. Dear Sir, said he, do not go to bed, I will not cry any more, I will play, only stay a moment. Now all was joy again, and little Caroline kissed him, saying, he will be a good boy.—They brought.

brought their stools back, and seated themselves round the table.

Now, my dear, said the Curate to his wife, which of the children has behaved best to day? Henry smiled. Do you not see, answered she, in the smile of the little blue-eyed boy, that he has been the most industrious, attentive child to day. The Curate took him by the hand, and said, while he kissed him and pinched his cheek, are you not contented since you have this evening received such praise? Do always your duty, my child, and you will ever find this sweet satisfaction. However, I am going to procure you another pleasure; you shall chuse the game you love best, and we will all play at it.

The play of the merchant, said Henry.

56 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

Good children, said the Curate, this evening let us play the pleasant play of the merchant. I am the merchant; I have to sell all sorts of eatables, beautiful clothes, books and natural curiosities; in short, all that you wish for at a just price. Every one now asked for something. Then the Curate enquired where they were made?—of what material?—who made them?—the use they were of?—and how much they commonly cost?—and whoever could not answer these questions, or answered wrong, must pay a forfeit: George, for instance, asked for a hat; and he was questioned, who made it?—of what it was made?—if there were more than one sort of hats?—and of what use they⁹ are of to men, &c.

This ever furnished something to laugh at, and particularly when they drew out the forfeits. Now all were redeemed.—

Once





*Thus it happens when we know not how
to be moderate in our pleasures.*

Once more let us play, they all cried out. The Curate shook his head: I thought you would be more moderate in your pleasures, and go to bed. But the children begged and kissed his hands and cheeks so long, that the father at last said, well, play once more, but you will soon see what will happen.

They then began to play again, but not in such a spirited manner as at first; all were soon weary. George began to yawn, Henry to rub his eyes; Charles was almost nodding with sleep, and the little Caroline began to cry and complain, to bed mamma, will you go to bed;— and George himself asked, if they might soon leave off playing? *So it happens, said the Curate, when we know not how to be moderate in our pleasures; vexation or disgust always follows. If you had left off playing in time, you would have gone*

58 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

to bed contented; but you are now dissatisfied.

Thus ended the play, and all the children went to bed. Caroline half crying for want of sleep, and the rest with an expression of extreme weariness on their countenances.

CHAP.

CHAPTER. VI.

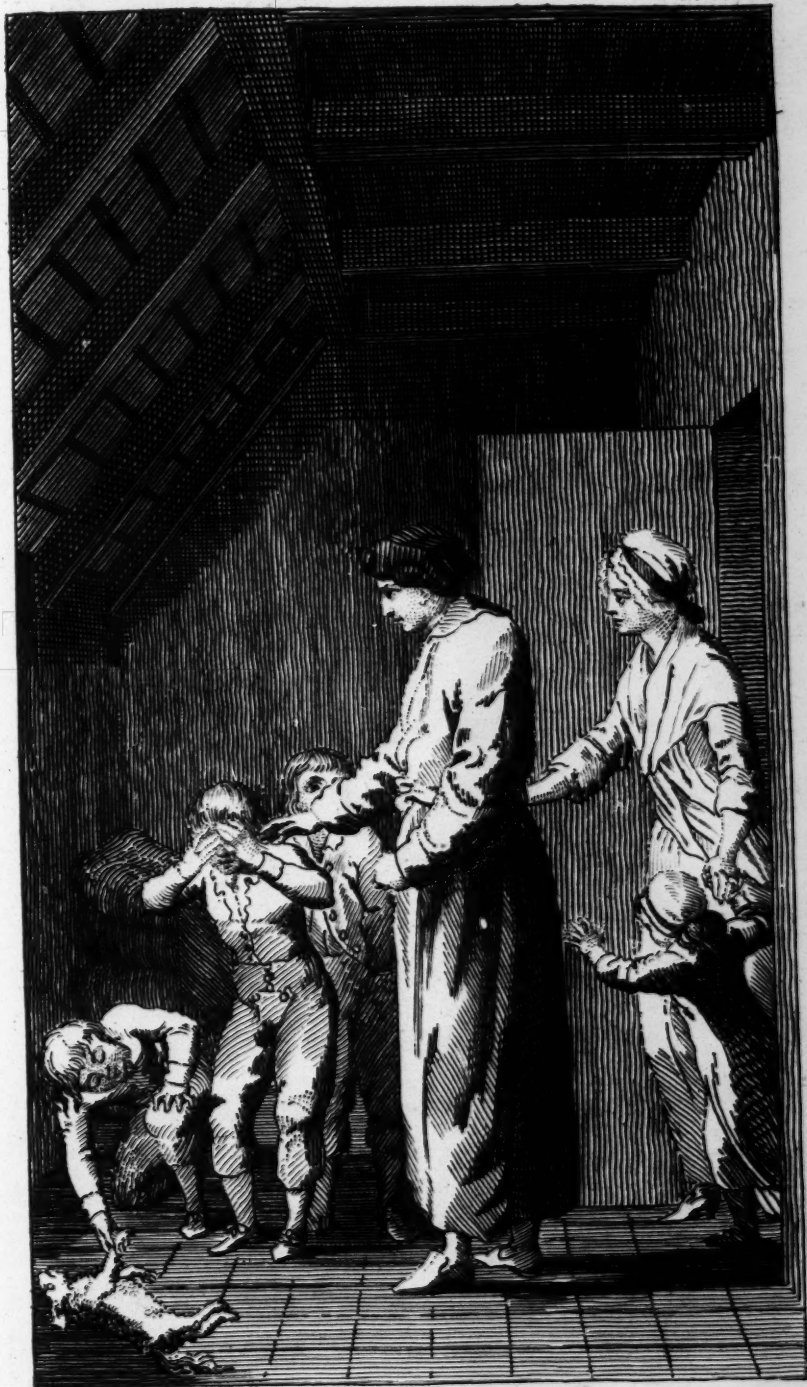
EARLY in the morning, every one was in motion in the Curate's house, and so full of spirits that Charles could not remain in bed, though he wished to have slept an hour or two longer, because he still felt weary after his long walk. He was a child accustomed to neatness and order, he washed his face, cleaned his teeth, and combed his hair. He came downstairs, and found them all dressed in the most decent manner, ready to join in a short prayer, which the Curate addressed to their heavenly Father; thanking him for the protection he had afforded them while they slept, and entreating him to grant them food the ensuing day, and sense to do their duty. They then all ran on the

60 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

grafs before the door till breakfast was ready, and returned with an appetite to eat their bread and milk.

George left some milk in his bafon, and broke part of his bread into it, when Charles enquired what he was going to do with it, he faid, I am going to carry it to my dog Pompey, the poor fellow has not had any breakfast yet.

Then he took the milk to his little playful puppy; but they foon heard him cry bitterly, and all the family ran out to fee what was the matter with him. There flood poor George, diffolved in tears. They asked him what had happened? Oh, answered he, *my dog, my little dog, my good dog! Pompey is dead.* They furrounded him and joined in the lamentations. There lay the poor dog George had been fo fond of, that he always
4 divided



Pompey is dead !

Published by J. Johnson. Oct. 1. 1790.



divided his meals with him; and no one could guess how he had been so suddenly deprived of life.

The Curate spoke tenderly to him, and said, I pity you, my dear George, for I know you were very fond of your little dog; but leave off crying, I will take care to procure you another next week. All this signified nothing, George continued to weep. Oh! my dog, my poor Pompey!

The boy, said the Curate, is very sorrowful. That which we feel when any thing disagreeable happens, we call sorrow. But it is misery, when men carry it so far that they like to indulge it. Sorrow does no good, and if George should cry for a whole year, my good dog! my Pompey! it will not bring him back. Nay, immoderate sorrow will

will make him neglect his duty, and then he cannot expect much pleasure in the evening. Come, children, let us go into the garden to our business.

Sir, said Charles, with a sorrowful tone, will you not soon take me back to my father and mother.

Yes, answered the Curate, only it is necessary that I work a little in the garden first, and tell the children what they ought to do, and visit my sick parishioners. For whoever would live content, mind this Charles, must dispatch his business in an orderly manner. We never feel satisfied with ourselves when we always think of something we should do, and yet leave it undone.

Charles followed him, a little sad, but when he came into the garden, his countenance

tenance soon began to clear up. It was a charming garden. There were not firs, yews or aloes, to be seen, it is true, nor the statues and fountains which ornament the gardens of the rich; but all was simple and useful, yet sweetly pleasant. The walls were hung with peaches and nectarines, and fine cherry, apple and pear trees were planted in such a manner as not to screen the vegetables, which grew in great profusion: peas, beans, and various other useful plants, were placed in beds to catch the sun-beams, and currants and gooseberries grew near the walks.

One part of the garden was peculiarly allotted to flowers; the bee-hives were placed there, and a seat shaded with trees, around whose trunks woodbines and jasmynes twined, afforded a cool retreat at noon, and here they retired when it was
too

64 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

too hot to work in the garden. Roses bloomed on all sides, and a number of flowers sprung up in succession to perfume the air, and afford the Curate an opportunity to remark the wisdom and goodness of God, displayed in the most minute wild flower, as well as in the nobler productions of nature, animals, and men.

Beyond the garden was a meadow; they entered through a little gate, and saw two cows feeding, a calf bounding near them, and some poultry, seeking for their own food, which gave a still more cheerful appearance to the whole. The hen clucked to gather her chickens, and birds sung in the hedge which enclosed the meadow; all was gay, and seemed to laugh with joy. Charles laughed too, and catching the Curate's hand, he said, what a beautiful place! if my father and
mother

mother were here I should never wish to leave it while I lived.

Then the Curate gave each of the children their task ; but George was so sorrowful on account of the death of his dog, that Henry offered to pluck all the kidney-beans for his mother, and the little Caroline had a bed to weed. George, when he had nothing to do, cried still more, and his father sent him into the house, that he might not disturb their pleasure, since he would not try to amuse himself. After the Curate had looked over the garden, and plucked some ripe fruit for their supper, he returned to Charles, and led him to a seat, raised on a little eminence which overlooked the whole garden.

I am very glad, said he, to see you so pleased, but this place was not always

as

66 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

as beautiful as it is now. When I came here, about fourteen years ago, it was full of weeds, briars and stones. I came to be the Curate of the village, and married my wife, because I loved her with my whole heart; but she had no fortune, and my curacy was not sufficient to maintain us. This made me very uneasy, and some months passed away in a melancholy manner.

While I was in this state, a rich old farmer came to visit me, and soon observed my sadness. Friend, said he, why are you so troubled? How, answered I, can such a poor man as I am be contented? You poor, replied he, you may reckon yourself worth above two thousand pounds. You joke with me, said I, if you will give me a hundred pounds, you should have all I am worth in the world, and you would have a poor bar-

gain.

gain. Very well, returned he, drawing a knife out of his pocket, and seizing my hand, he made a stroke, as if he meant to cut it off: Full of terror, I snatched it away. Give it to me, only give this little hand, I will let you have two hundred pounds for it, and leave you your left hand and all your goods. You cannot think, dear Charles, how much I was terrified by this demand: I stepped back, and looked full in the farmer's face. Do you perceive, said he, Mr. Parson, how rich you are! That single limb only you would not sell me for two hundred pounds. If I had attempted to cut off your head, you could not have been more eager to prevent me. Without joking, Mr. Parson, a young man, in health, with a sound mind, and robust body, ought not to complain of poverty. See there, the hen, she finds every where food for herself
and

68 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

and chickens, and so do those pigeons. It is the same with all animals; the raven, the owl, the fox, and even flies; they all have sufficient industry to procure themselves food; and why not man? Hold up your head, and instead of anxiety and lamentations, think how you can better your situation;—think of using your arms, and all will go well. God preserve you, Mr. Parson! next week I shall come again to see you. And so he left me deep in thought.

Sorrowfully I lifted up my eyes from the ground, and discovered a spider who had just caught a great fly in her web, and the whole web was full of the remains of dead flies. The spider, thought I, lives without care, she procures her daily bread—and thou, then I sprung angrily up, thou a man, exclaimed I, who canst reflect, read and write, who hast a vigorous

gorous arm, and ingenious hands, with which so many useful things have been made, and thou canst not procure thy own subsistence!

From this moment I turned all my thoughts to the main subject, to find some work which might maintain me. I passed the whole night without sleeping a wink, and sleepless nights are particularly favourable to reflection; I could think of nothing else; it seemed to me as if my whole village was before me. My thoughts ran over every corner, to search for something to do.

Then this waste place presented itself to my mind, which you now see a cultivated garden. Some years before a house had stood on it, but the thatch caught fire, and it was soon burnt to the ground; and the inhabitants left it
in

70 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

in ruins, and went to live some where else. The moment I thought of it, I could think of nothing but clearing away the rubbish. Yes, thought I, I could earn sufficient to maintain my wife and the coming infant, if I had money enough to build a little house on this waste ground, which originally was stolen from the common. If the lord of the manor would give me leave, I should be a contented man.

This lucky thought pleased me, and I counted the hours till the good farmer came again. At last he came, and his first question was, well, how are your spirits now, have you thought of any thing? Yes, replied I, all would go well if I could obtain leave to build a little house on the common, and if I could borrow some money, to add to the little I have, I should soon be able to build a
house,

house, and buy a cow; and before my little one came into the world, I might reasonably hope to maintain it and its mother comfortably.

Leave all these cares to me, said he, giving me his hand, the place is yours, I will build the house for you, because I understand these matters better than you gentlemen, who have been poring over books half your lives, and you may pay me by degrees, as you find it convenient.

The grant was soon obtained, and while they were building the house I worked hard every day to clear the place of stones, and grubbed up the briars. I laid the stones on one another, and made a kind of wall, plaistered with mud, to keep out the cattle, that they might not spoil my garden. The rub-

72 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

bish and cinders I burnt to ashes, and they made excellent manure for the ground.

The next year I brought my wife cabbages, peas, beans, and fallad; beside many other things which already had grown in the garden; and I felt sincere pleasure when I could bring her something which I had cultivated myself. My parishioners brought me slips and suckers, which I planted with care, and you see what they are come to; nay, some of the young trees rose from the kernels which I put into the ground after I had eaten the fruit. In that spot I sowed seed hay and clover, and every year make hay enough to serve my cows, when I take them off the common; and they not only supply us with what milk we want, but sufficient butter and cheese for the family: The flowers my wife got

got by degrees, and my good friend the farmer gave me a swarm of bees.

Thus passed two years, and my labour made me more healthy than ever; but in spite of all this, I had my cares, I was in debt to some tradesmen, who live in the next market town. One day, when the farmer visited me, he expressed his satisfaction to see all look so comfortable, and that my labour had been so successful. Now, said he, I hope you have enough to live on. I threw my eyes down on the ground, and said no, I am still thirty pounds in debt.

Hearing this, he grew angry, and struck his oaken staff on the floor, and said, not enough to live on, how comes that about? You have only need of food, clothes, and some books! Your

74 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

garden and poultry would almost supply you with sufficient food : and the money you receive from the curacy is surely enough to purchase clothes, books and other necessaries—let me see what you are in debt for? He was a respectable old man, so I could not be angry with him, though he hurt me when he spoke so quick.

I took out the bills; he mumbled over them. Silk, for a gown, wine, coffee, soap, a glass, china cups, &c.—I see how it is, added he, only the soap is a necessary, all these other superfluities you could have lived comfortably without; or, at least, have purchased some things at a cheaper rate, which would have answered your purpose quite as well.—Where is all this money to come from? Sir, if a man cannot pay for coffee, he must drink milk; and beer,
instead

instead of wine. Your wife should have been contented with a cotton gown; and china is quite unnecessary. A glass for your wife to put her cap strait by, would be sufficient; I thought you had more sense than to wish for such a childish ornament in your parlour. Do you see that raven, he has picked up a snail, and is devouring it with pleasure. Every day he procures sufficient to satisfy his appetite, and lives without care or debts, for nature produces all that he wants. But as soon as it should come into his head, that the snails, mice, and bones of his native country, and the wood he had seen grow, were all too mean for him; and if this foolish pride led him to sell them, to purchase with the money the cinnamon, and mice of India, certainly nature would not afford him sufficient to satisfy his luxury; and he

must soon be plunged into a sea of cares and debts.

I do not like those people who hoard up their money, after they have supplied the pressing wants of nature, and do not allow themselves innocent pleasures; but I likewise believe that men ought first to be careful to secure necessities, before they think of superfluities. The art of avoiding superfluous expences, to be able to procure necessities, I call œconomy. Œconomy, œconomy, dear Mr. Parson, you have still to learn, or else all your industry will go for nothing; care will still pursue you; and do not take amiss what I am going to say, you will only leave your poor children debts, and cheat the trades-people. Good day, Sir, do not take offence at my well meant reprimand.

I

I must

I must own this rough admonition hurt me a little ; but when I coolly reflected, I could not help acknowledging that the good farmer was in the right. I considered within my self, whether God, who had taken such care of the raven, had not been equally good to me, and soon saw, though there were some things above my reach, that I was surrounded by every necessary of life, as well as the raven.

My ground afforded flax, my sheep wool, and with the help of a maid, who milks the cows, and does the hardest work, my wife could spin sufficient of both to clothe the whole family. My dairy supplies us with milk, butter and cheese ; my garden furnishes all kinds of vegetables ; and poultry and pigs serve to vary our meals ; instead of beer, we make cyder of the apples you see the

trees are loaded with. Nay, I found I could spare some milk and vegetables to my poor parishioners after our own wants were supplied. And whatever was necessary besides, the income of the curacy enabled us to purchase. I then proposed to my wife that we should first provide food and clothes, and not allow ourselves any superfluities till we had money to spare.

From that moment I dismissed my cares, and never forgot my dear bought experience. After I had paid my debts, I saved enough to render my house neat and convenient, and even to buy some furniture and books, besides improving my garden, and giving a little to the poor—*and for all this I am indebted to labour and æconomy.*

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN the Curate had finished the last sentence, he rose, and said, he was now obliged to visit a sick person, who wanted his advice. Do you wish to accompany me, Charles? Yes, answered he, I should like to go.

They then went out together, and soon came to a little thatched house. The Curate knocked with his stick against the door; a woman opened it, and the moment she saw him, began to wring her hands, and cry, it is all over; it is all over; but come in.

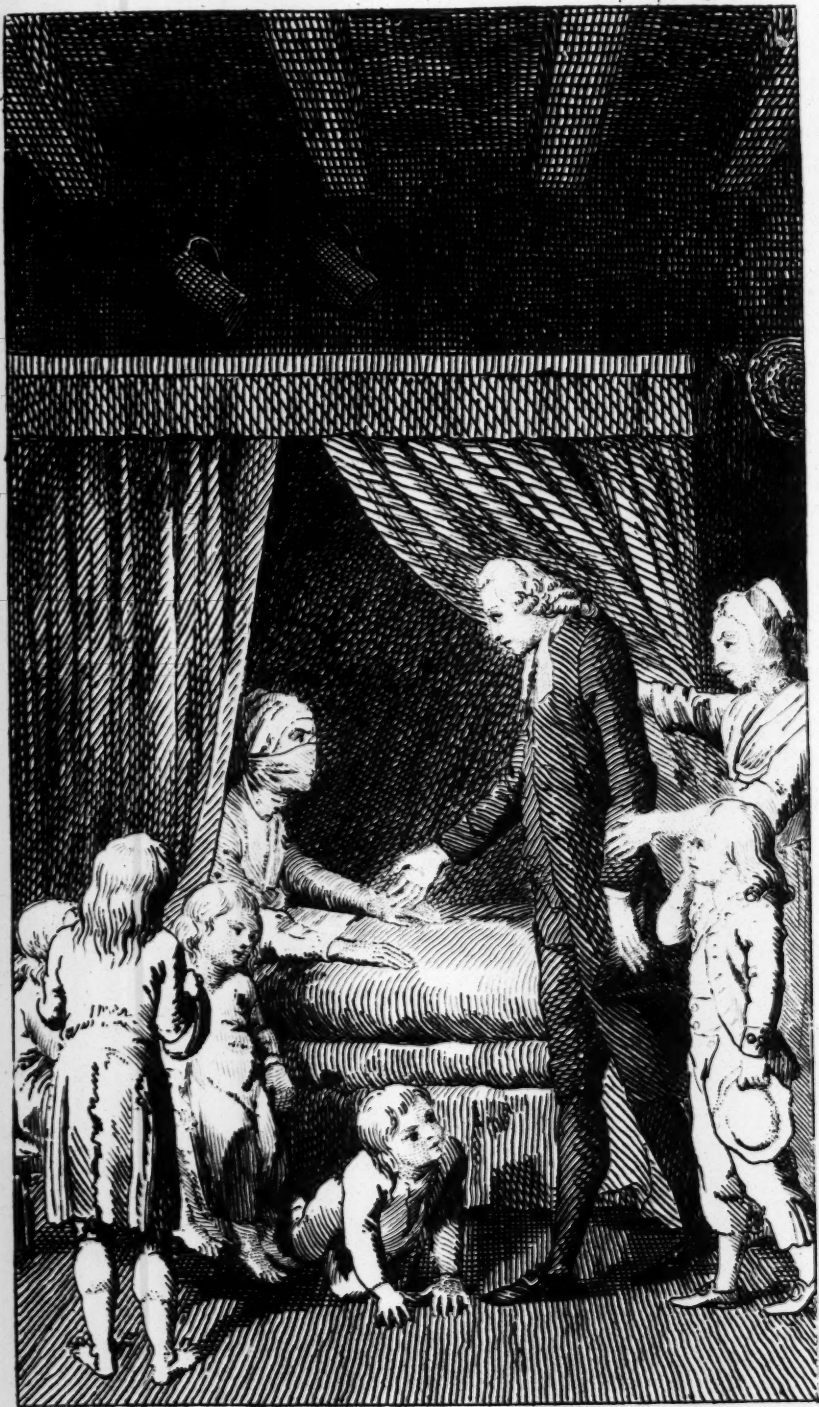
She opened the chamber door—gracious God, what a dreadful sight! On

80 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

the bed lay a man, whose mouth, and nose were almost eaten away by a cancer. On the foot of the bed sat four children, who, as soon as the Curate entered, burst into tears, and cried, our poor father, see how he suffers ! The Curate could not restrain his tears, he turned his face to the wall and wept, and Charles wept with him. When he had wiped away his tears, he came towards the sick man, and said in a softened voice, how do you find yourself, my poor friend ?

As well as can be expected, replied he ; I take care as much as possible not to be fretful ; I am patient, and by the help of patience one may endure the greatest pain. If I were impatient and threw myself from one side of the bed to the other, and quarrelled peevishly with my family, I should soon be quite lost. My pain would become more violent,





Patience can soften every pain.

lent, my blood heated by impatience, and restless anxiety would encrease the fury of my disorder, and my wife and children, who have, without this, sufficient trouble, would no longer tenderly watch over me. But resignation moderates every pang; and my wife, children, and neighbours pity, nurse, and hearten me up.—*Patience can soften every pain.*

You are right, my good friend, answered the Curate, when we suffer we cannot do better than moderate our impatience, and conceal our anguish. It is not the fault of the innocent people who surround us, that we are afflicted; why then should we make them suffer for it? or by our ill-humour, drive them away, whom duty does not compel to take care of us; how much more grateful is it to be nursed rather from a motive of affection, than mere duty. Poor man!

82 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

you know not how sincerely I pity you, and with what satisfaction I visit you; but I should have little compassion for you, and visit you with regret, if your painful state only excited murmurs and discontent. God bless and support you! continue to give proofs of your patience and fortitude, till death delivers you from all your misery, and trusting in the mercy of your heavenly Father, you composedly close your eyes. The Curate said much more to comfort this poor sick man, and cordially squeezing his hand, slipped a piece of money into it and hastened out of the cottage, because he had heard that another sick man stood in need of his advice.

Charles followed him, and they soon came to a hut, where they saw a still more lamentable sight. A man with a pale disfigured countenance, and livid lips,

lips, was stretched on a bed of half rotten straw. Miserably dirty tattered rags covered his body, but in such a manner, that through the many holes and rents they could see the form of a skeleton. He wished to speak to the Curate, but a violent cough tormented him so, that he could not, till he had thrown up great clots of blood from his lungs. Great God pity me! what excruciating pain! groaned he out when the cough ceased for a moment, and fell back exhausted on his wretched bed.

The Curate saw his miserable state, and begged him to try to compose himself, since by patience, pain itself was softened.

After a few minutes, he enquired what was the matter with him? a consump-

tion, answered he, with a suffocated voice.

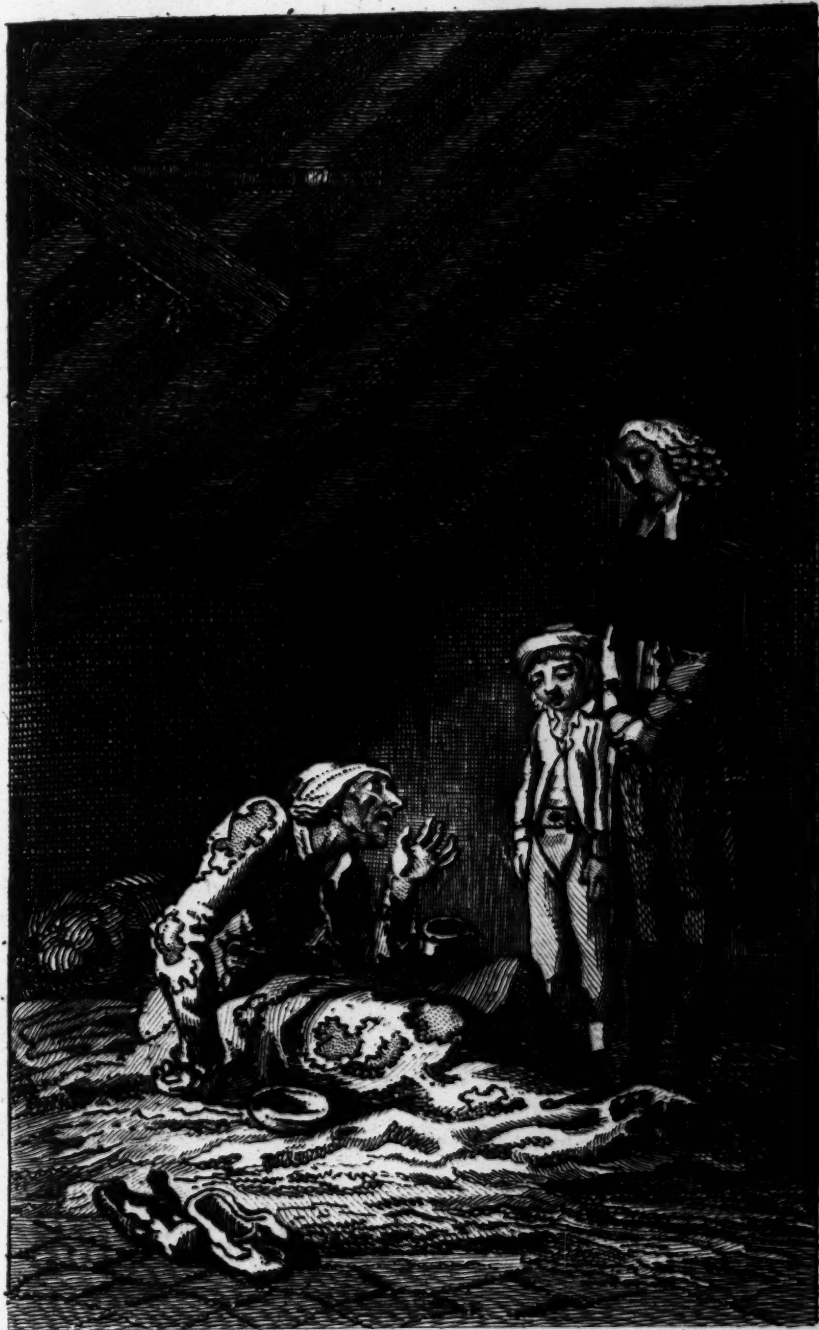
And how did you fall into it? again enquired the Curate.

The sick man was silent for a moment, then collecting all his strength to raise himself, he gnashed his teeth through anguish, and rose with much difficulty.

All this misery, said he, in broken words and a low hollow voice, for his lungs were already half gone, *all this misery I owe to my intemperance.*

Some years ago, I unfortunately became acquainted with a number of idle dissolute young men, and they taught me to drink.—

It



W. E. C. fecit 1790

All this Misery I owe to my Intemperance.



In the morning I drank drams, and in the evening sat at the ale-house till midnight, swallowing strong beer. Thus I neglected my work, and often, when I was half drunk, quarrelled and fought with my neighbours, to whom I was obliged to give money to hush it up; nay, one of them went to law with me, it cost me a main sight of money, but to be sure I used him very ill. Where could money come from to pay for all this? I sold one piece of ground after another, sheep, cows, horses, clothes; in short, every thing was thrown away, and only for drink. And now see what I am become—a beggar.—Oh!—and through drunkenness, and drunken broils, I am come to this—oh, reverend Sir, here, pressing his hand to his side, here I feel it—

He would have said more, but a violent fit of coughing which almost stopped his

86 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

his breath, prevented him. He struggled and struggled for breath, till he had brought up a quantity of blood, and sighing piteously, cast his eyes on his wretched bed. The Curate then said to him, try to compose yourself, unhappy man, you experience the dreadful effects of intemperance. God has given us an appetite to eat and drink, that we may never forget to refresh and nourish our bodies; and if we only eat till our hunger was satisfied, and did not drink till we were thirsty, we should relish our food and preserve our health and strength. But when we take more than is necessary, to please the palate, it all turns to poison; we become indolent, and bad humours break out in nasty sores, and at last corrupt the blood, stomach, lungs, and in short, the whole body. Poverty and sickness follow, and extreme pain, which only ends in an untimely

untimely death. Is not this a truth, which I for some years have been repeating to you without effect?

O yes, too true, answered the sick wretch, but I did not believe you, because I did not fall sick suddenly—this dreadful cough came on by degrees, and my companions persuaded me it was only a cold, till I had no more money to treat them with; then they left me to starve alone and remember all you had said—yes, it was all true—I now feel it—what a fool I was, not to listen to you, who had only my good at heart. You wish now, asked the Curate, that you had lived a different life? It racks me, answered the poor wretch, when I think what a disorderly life I have led. Gracious God! if I had obeyed thy commands, if I had been temperate, what a happy man should I now be, enjoying my health and the fortune my father left me;

88 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

me;—instead of that I am lying here sick and in misery—a beggar!—Merciful God have pity on me! A flood of tears rolled down his pale cheeks, and the Curate and Charles felt both shocked and affected.

The Curate tried to comfort him, and promised to send him some broth; after he had left him, he turned to Charles and said, if that poor wretch had repented sooner he might perhaps have avoided all this misery, or at least a great part of it, but now it is too late. It is a fearful thing to put off repentance till a man cannot shew by his conduct that he is ashamed of his faults. This example shou'd warn all young people to correct their faults as soon as their troubled conscience tells them they have done wrong, for even a child never does wrong without feeling uneasy. The
Curate

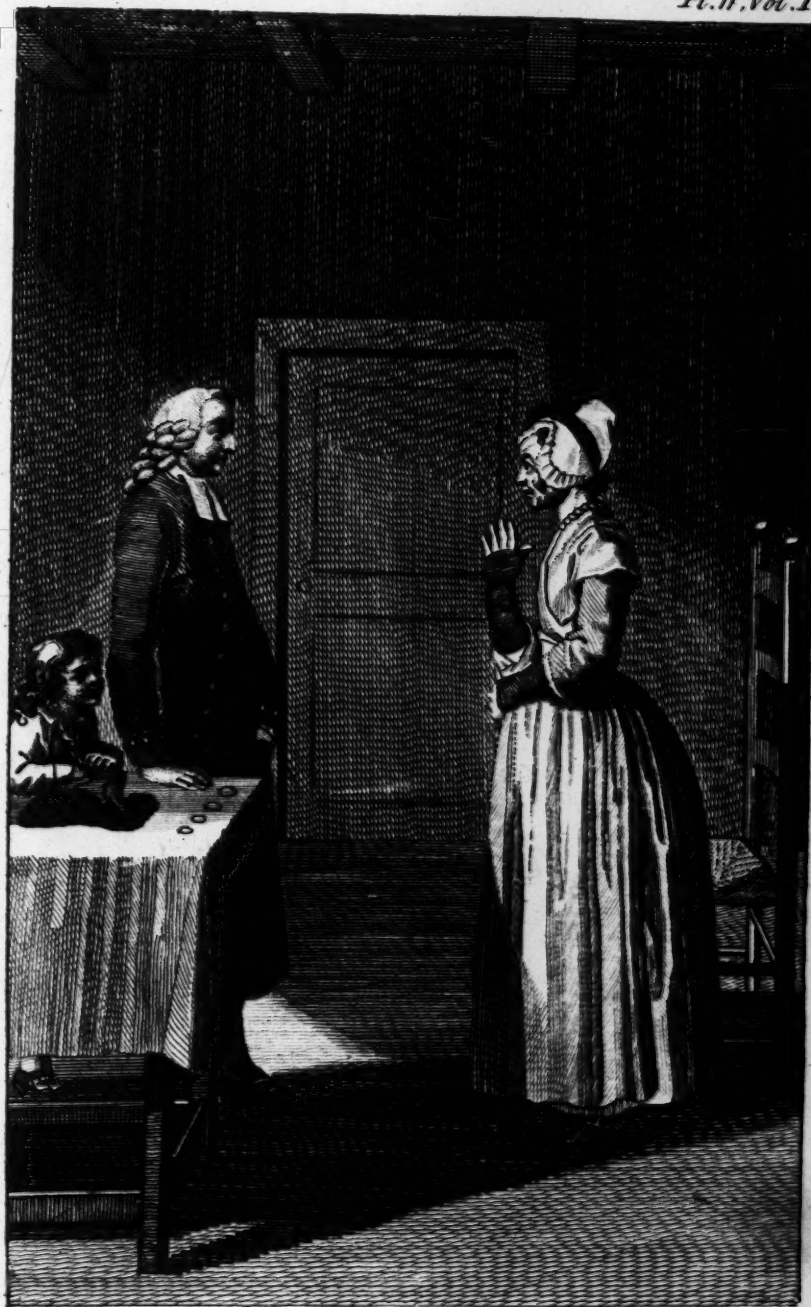
Curate turned homewards, intending to go with Charles to his parents, after he had taken leave of the family.

CHAP-

CHAPTER VIII.

BETTY, a country woman, waited for them at the door, to pay the Curate a small sum he had lent her. He enquired how her farm now went on? She looked him full in the face, and said very ill. How so? enquired the Curate.

Then the woman burst into tears, and said, I am a miserable creature, *I have not had a peaceable hour since I saw my brother-in-law's good luck.* Yes, he lives a fine life, he has built a house, and bought, one year, the fine meadow by the church, the next, two more, almost as 'good—what can I purchase? nothing!—There sit I in the old farm, which my grandmother left me; and so far from being able to build a house, or buy meadows, it will
be



I have not had a peaceable hour since.



be well if I can keep together the little furniture and the poor piece of ground my father gave me. But these things will not last for ever. I hope I shall live long enough to see my boasting brother-in-law with a beggar's wallet at his back; I have known many fine folks, as proud as he, who were at last obliged to leave their farms, ashamed to shew their faces—though they had held their heads so high. But I cannot guess where all the money comes from! The rogue must get it by some strange means; if so much could be earned by labour, why cannot I earn it? I never sit with my hands across, when there is any thing to be done.

Good woman, said the Curate, are you sick?

Betty. God be praised, I have no sickness to complain of.

Curate. And your husband?

Betty.

92 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

Betty. Nothing ails him.

Curate. And your children?

Betty. As gay as larks.

Curate. How are your poultry, and the rest of your live stock?

Betty. Why I cannot say I have much reason to complain.

Curate. And you have something wholesome to eat and drink every day, I suppose.

Betty. Yes, I never knew what it was to want a meal.

Curate. And yet you call yourself a wretched woman?

Betty. Yes.—Can I build a house?
Can I purchase a field?

Curate. I now see clearly, that you are
an

an unhappy woman. You are well, have sufficient to live on, and have every thing necessary to render your life comfortable; but you indulge a vicious passion, Envy; which prevents your enjoying the blessings you possess, and makes you grieve and pine for those which heaven has given to your neighbours. Poor woman! as long as you nourish envy, you will eat bitter bread, and enjoy none of the comforts within your reach. Look at yourself in the glass, you had formerly a ruddy fresh colour, and now you are grown quite fallow: Envy is the cause of this change, it has turned the red to yellow. And at night, I know you have not any rest, by your sunk eyes—Envy keeps you awake. But what is worse than all, envy has so misled you, that you have told lies of an innocent man, who never did you any harm.—What horrid wickedness! Recollect yourself, you have called
him

94 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

him a rogue ; yet I know, that there is not an honefter man in the whole village. He has only to thank his conftant induftry and prudence for thriving fo well in the world. What, do you call that honeft friendly man a rogue ? who was fo kind to you, when your husband was fick at harveft time, fome years ago ; he then worked hard to fave your wheat, without expecting any reward.

The woman began to cry, ſhe wifhed to excuſe herſelf ; but the Curate interrupted her, ſaying, is it poſſible to call a man fo good, fo honeft, and fo friendly, a rogue ? You alſo deprive yourſelf of all your comfort and pleaſure, health and ſleep, and render yourſelf old and ugly before your time. Conſider a moment, how fooliſh you muſt be, and that envy is a hideous vice.

The

The woman saw now that she was envious, she hung down her head, thanked the Curate for his counsel, and went away.

Charles now took leave of this kind family; and the Curate reached his hat and stick to accompany him; but a bird that hung in the window made such a dismal noise, running from one side of the cage to the other, that he stopped a moment, and looking into the drawer, found that the poor bird had not one grain of seed left, nor any water. It was a bird George had caught, when it fell from it's nest and hurt it's wing, and ever since he had been very fond of it; but he was so taken up this morning with lamenting the death of Pompey, that he had quite forgotten his lark. The Curate was displeased, and called George, bidding him look at his bird; he added, see the effects of immoderate sorrow; if I had not observed

96 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

observed the poor lark, it would have died with hunger this night; and in the morning we should have had new lamentations, because you neglected your duty.

George fed the bird, while the Curate and Charles went out through the garden gate.

CHAP.

CHAPTER IX.

THEY soon came to the wood where Charles had lost himself the day before, and to the place where he thought he had seen spirits. Charles could not help laughing, when he saw and touched the bushes and branches which had raised such terror in his mind. Stop little man, said he to a bush, which the wind had made nod the evening before, and propping it up, I will teach thee to frighten people.

But Sir, asked he, are there no spectres. I believe not, answered the Curate; I have lived some years in the world, and walk in the dark at all hours, and yet I have never seen a spectre. Many people will say that they have, and

I will tell you how it happens. Sometimes people see something when it is almost dark, it frightens them, and fear makes them take it for a ghost; then they start and scream, and tell what a frightful spectre they have seen. If you had not returned to the wood to-day, and examined the things which caused you such terror, you would have had some dreadful stories to relate; and you might positively have declared that they were true. Sometimes foolish people play malicious tricks to disturb their acquaintance. I have heard of many of these tricks, I will mention one.

Three officers came some years ago to an inn, and were conducted into the best room. Soon after their superior officer came, and they were obliged to give up the room to him. This vexed them, and they consulted together how they should
play

play him a trick. As soon as he was asleep, they came into his chamber, with sheets wrapped around them, and danced about his bed. That the General was alarmed at first, you may suppose; but he had great presence of mind, and soon guessed the trick, and silently pulling up the sheet, he slid out of bed, covering himself with it, without having been perceived by them, and joined in the dance. What! what, four white things! The officers were frightened, hastened out of the room without further consideration, and the next morning declared that the house was haunted.

It is thus, my dear Charles, that stories of spirits and haunted houses gain belief; either the people did not see clearly, through fear, or others have deceived them. When at night you see something, which you do not know what to make of, advance with courage to it,

100 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

and look more nearly at it, and you will always find, that you have deceived yourself, or that some one has played you a trick.

Charles shook his head, as if he could not believe him, and said, I will tell you a story that is very true. Our old maid sits sometimes in a room till eleven or twelve o'clock : one night there came a little white man, not bigger than I am, into the room, and continually made a motion with his hand. The maid, who had been told how she ought to behave to such a spirit, should she chance to meet with it, followed it. Then the spirit led her into the cellar, gave her a spade, and said, dig in this place, but observe, you must not speak a single word. She dug, and found a great brass kettle full of gold. She went to seize it, crying out what a heap of gold ! Then she heard a violent noise,

noise, and it all disappeared. What think you of this Sir? did the maid not see clearly, or did some one play her a trick?

In this case, answered the Curate, it was neither the one nor the other; but the old maid has told you a lie, as a story to divert you; she knew it was not true. For there are many people who amuse themselves with inventing such stories, and telling them to children and foolish creatures, who are idle, and glad to catch hold of any nonsensical story.

Will you not give something to a poor man, cried a voice (from behind an oak) which interrupted their discourse. The Curate and Charles looked round, to see from whence the voice came, and saw a miserable beggar, who had lost his right

F 3

arm,

102 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

arm, and with the left held his hat out to receive charity. The Curate was moved, and gave him a penny; and Charles threw a half-penny into the hat.

How came you to lose your arm? said the Curate.

The beggar rose with some trouble, and answered, if you will permit me to accompany you, I will tell you. I came into the world as well formed as you; but when I was a child I was a foolish rash creature. I did nothing but climb and scramble up trees and dangerous places, only for the sake of climbing. My father and mother were always desiring me to be careful. Child, child, my mother would say, pray do not climb up such dangerous places. But I did not mind what they said; if I had obeyed my good parents, I should now be another

ther kind of a man. One day I saw under our thatch a swallow's nest. I will soon have that, thought I, and I raised a great ladder against the wall and stepped from it on a rotten board over a window. Crack, crack went the board, and I fell with it to the ground, and broke my precious arm—my right arm! My father and mother wept, and ran for a surgeon to set it, but before they could find him it was terribly swelled. He tormented me above three weeks, drawing one splinter out after another. At last the whole arm was black—black as a coal; and nothing could save it, it must be cut off.—It was a dreadful operation, and afterwards they took a red hot iron, and held it to the part, to stop the blood. So I became a cripple! My father loved me, and when he died left me all the money he had pinched himself to save for me. But as I could not work I soon

spent it, and now I must live on what I beg from charitable people. My brothers, who received nothing from my father, earn a comfortable livelihood, for they have arms, while I am wretched, and often sick through hunger and cold. *Truly Sir, sound limbs are of more value than gold.*

The Curate tried to comfort him; be not troubled poor man, said he; if you are an honest man, and bear your infirmity with patience, and hurt no one, you will always find charitable people who will have compassion on you. Believe me, you will never want necessaries.

Very well, answered the man, but Sir, if I could only be of some use! I eat the bread of idleness—is it not dreadful for me to see all men working for one another, and that I alone must be a burthen
to

to them. I often wish to die, that I might no more be pointed at as a miserable creature.

The Curate gave him sixpence, and bid him call sometimes at his house; and if he was sober and honest, he would try to find him some employment.

CHAPTER X.

WHILE they were conversing in this manner they heard the sound of coach wheels. Curiosity led Charles to advance a few steps before them, and he saw it peep from behind the bushes.—Is it possible! yes, indeed, indeed—Sir, Sir, here comes my dear father and mother! cried he, stretching his arms out towards the coach; the coachman stopped, he flew like the wind, and threw his arms first round his father's neck, then his mother's, and could only bring out, dear father!—dear mother! His parents were also almost melted into tears, and held their lost son in their arms a few minutes without speaking a word. At last the father broke silence, and asked, had you no companion with you? A companion, answered

answered Charles, O yes, there he is; scarcely had he finished these words before he sprung out of the carriage, caught the Curate's hand, led him to his father, and said, this is the good man, who yesterday saved my life.

Mr. Jones stepped out, and taking the Curate's hand, said, as he cordially shook it, dear Sir, how shall I thank you for all you have done for my poor lost boy? Pray come into the coach, and speak to my wife; we came this way to meet you, and spare you part of your walk, and now we will carry you home.

As soon as the Curate was seated, drive on, cried Charles, to the coachman. But the Curate said, be not in such haste, my young friend, I must make that poor man known to your father. He beckoned to him, and related

in a few words his history. Mr. Jones was moved with compassion, and threw half a crown into the poor man's hat, and his wife followed his example. The miserable creature's eyes sparkled with joy—and he almost bowed to the ground as he drew back; at the same time Mr. Jones squeezed the Curate's hand, and thanked him for having procured him the pleasure of making glad a poor man's heart.

As they drove along, Charles was obliged to relate circumstantially what had happened to him the day before, and how kindly he had been treated by the Curate and his family. Mr. Jones and his wife became more and more attached to this good family the longer they listened to Charles, and eagerly wished soon to see them all together. They desired the coachman to drive faster, and away they went full drive, throwing up the

[the dust, and rattling over the gravel, and splashing through the little brooks which ran across the road. Now they entered a narrow rocky road, yet Charles was very unwilling to let the horses slacken their pace, though the way was so rough. But could he have foreseen the disagreeable accident which awaited them in the narrow lane, he would have wished to have gone a mild round to have avoided it; for they had hardly advanced an hundred yards before they met another coach.

Make way! cried John, the driver of the other coach. Fool, replied Nicholas, Mr. Jones's coachman, how would you have me make way? Do you not see the rock on one side and the mountain on the other? Why did you enter such a narrow rough road? asked John. And if you were so well acquainted with it, sneeringly retorted Nicholas, why

why did you venture? Then the two coachmen began to curse and swear at each other, in a most dreadful manner.

Mr. Gruff, the man who sat in the other coach, called out to his coachman, knock the rascal down, if he will not clear the way. This brutal speech roused Mr. Jones's anger, he snatched at his stick, nor could his wife or the Curate detain him. Mr. Gruff jumped out at the same time; and they advanced angrily toward each other. The coachmen sprang from their seats, threw aside their whips, and began to box so unmercifully, that the blood soon streamed from their heads. Mr. Jones and Gruff raised their voices more and more. Mrs. Jones wept, for God's sake, my dear, come back! Charles lamented, Nicholas, Nicholas, pray make it up! The Curate tried to soften matters by good words; but all this was of no use. There was a
dreadful

dreadful bustle, and the Curate expected every instant to see the two gentlemen proceed to blows, as well as the coachmen.

At last Mr. Jones recollected himself;—he stretched out his hand in a friendly manner,] saying, I beg your pardon, Sir, I am too hasty.

Mr. Gruff. What then—what then—why are you so hasty?

Mr. Jones. It is very foolish to be so, and if we do not moderate our anger, we may in the heat of dispute forget ourselves and fall on each other like wild animals, or like those two men.

Mr. Gruff. It might happen—but perhaps you think that I am afraid of you?

Mr. Jones. No; but would you be so cruel as to strike an innocent man?

Mr. Gruff.

112 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

Mr. Gruff. If he provoked me, what would you have me do?

Mr. Jones. And if you had beaten me till I could no longer stand, would that have moved my coach one inch out of the way?

Mr. Gruff. No, to be sure; who ever thought of such a thing?

Mr. Jones. Would it not have been more reasonable, if I had ordered the coachman to back his horses till he made room for yours to pass?

Mr. Gruff. Yes, if you would do that.

Mr. Jones. I will do it with pleasure.

Mr. Gruff. Why did you not do it at first?

Mr. Jones.

Mr. Jones. I should have done it very readily if your coachman, and excuse me, Sir, if you had used different words.

Mr. Gruff was softened by this frank treatment, he took his offered hand, saying, forgive me, Sir, I feel that I have been very unreasonable and rude! I am the cause of all—my violence encouraged my coachman, I ought not to have suffered him to use such gross language.

The Curate was very glad to see that this disagreeable affair had taken such an unexpected turn. He caught Mrs. Jones's hand, and said, how noble it is when a man can moderate his anger! *How beautiful is forbearance!* A violent enemy has often been so touched by it, as to become ever after a firm friend; what dignity has this self-command given

to

114 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

to your husband's appearance, my heart begins to warm to him.

While all this passed, the coachmen were on the ground fighting like two bull-dogs. My dear Sirs, said the Curate, we have no time to lose, let us part these mad men, or we shall never be able to pursue our way.

They ran to the furious coachmen, but they were so covered with blood and mud that they could not distinguish the colour of their coats. They called to them, but anger is deaf, they forgot every thing in their fury—and all attempts to separate them only rendered them more violent. At last, John's eye met his master's, and he would have disengaged himself, but Nicholas flung him so unmercifully down again, that his head struck against one of the wheels of the coach,

coach, and he remained motionless on the ground. Now when John could no longer resist him, Nicholas first came to himself, he grew calm in a moment, and would have raised John, but there appeared no more life in him; his countenance was pale, and his head fell on his shoulder. Nicholas shook him gently, crying out at the same time, John, John, canst thou not hear me; but John answered not a word. He then leaped up, struck his bloody hands violently against both sides of his own head, and screamed out in an agony—God be merciful to me, what have I done! What a fury I have been in—I have, I have killed thee John, my old friend John!

They were all terrified by these lamentations, and surrounding poor John, joined in them. The Curate had most presence

presence of mind, and resolution. What signifies all this sorrow and compassion, said he, let us see how we can help the man. He bade Charles bring a little water in his hat, from a small stream which ran among the rock, and Mrs. Jones held her smelling bottle to the poor man's nose, while the Curate rubbed his temples till there was an appearance of returning life. They all stood silent, eagerly watching over him, and joy appeared in every face when he again opened his eyes. Nicholas was almost frantic with delight, he squeezed John's hand, begged him to forgive him, and tried again to help him up. But John was so weak that his legs could not support him; he tottered, and would have fallen, if Nicholas had not held him up.

Now what was to be done? Mr. Gruff had not a man to drive him, nor Nicholas

las any one to assist him to back the horses. They all stood lamenting a quarter of an hour, and could not think of any means to go forward. At last the Curate said, if we do not find an expedient, we must pass the night here, and perhaps this poor man may lose his life by our delay. Come, let us not trifle away any more time, one of the coaches must first be drawn back, which shall it be?—Mine, mine, cried out Mr. Jones and Mr. Gruff, in the same breath. They would both gladly have had the merit of yielding first. The Curate considered a moment, and then observed that out of respect to the lady, it appeared most reasonable that Mr. Gruff's coach should be backed to let them hasten home, and then Nicholas might return to assist Mr. Gruff. But what can I do alone with John, answered he in a compassionate tone; suppose he should faint again with
loss

loss of blood?—I know of no other way, interrupted the Curate, than to take him in Mr. Jones's coach to my house; and I will take care of him till he is perfectly well.

And now must the people, who an hour before would not yield a foot of their pretended right, submit to the greatest inconvenience: First they brought John all covered with mud and blood, to seat him in Mr. Jones's coach; and the Curate said to Nicholas, with some indignation, as he helped to lift him in—*Behold the fruits of anger!* When men give themselves up to anger, they act foolishly, and know no longer what they are about; and after the fit of anger is over, they sorely repent of their folly, as you do now.

Nicholas

Nicholas drew the coach back with great difficulty, large drops of sweat ran down his cheeks, he was so fatigued, though they all assisted him, except Mrs. Jones and Charles, for they sat in the coach, and supported John. After this laborious business, Nicholas mounted his box and drove slowly and mournfully forward.

Mr. Gruff followed them with his eyes till they were out of sight, and would willingly have accompanied them; but he was obliged to stay and watch his horses, till Nicholas came back. Poor man, the time seemed to him very long; he remained alone two hours in the place of his servant, he might have amused himself, but he could think of nothing but his foolish conduct, and how little his anger must have made him look.

CHAPTER XI.

MEAN time Mr. Jones and his company advanced towards the village where the Curate lived. But they were continually terrified; for John fainted several times, falling first on one, then on another.

It may easily be supposed what nasty figures they all appeared, covered with mud and blood; but they would willingly have borne all this, if John had been better: he grew worse and worse, and they were dreadfully afraid that he would die in the coach before they reached the Curate's house. They every moment looked out of the window, to see if they could see the steeple rising out of the trees;

trees; and bade Nicholas drive as fast as possible to ease them of their fears. But the coach road was three or four miles round. Nicholas did all he could to hasten forward; yet, they were an hour on the road, and their apprehensions made it appear as long as four or five.

When at last they arrived at the door, their first care was about John. They wished to lead him into the house, but the motion was too much for him, and he sunk senseless into the arms of the Curate, who prayed some countrymen, whom curiosity had gathered round the coach, to assist in carrying him into the house.

It is easy to suppose the terror this sight raised in the family. Henrietta looked at her husband, when she saw them bring in a stranger, who seemed to

be dead. The children cried, Mr. Jones and his wife stood mute, and the Curate himself walked in an agitated manner once or twice up and down the chamber. At last he said, let one instantly go for Mr. Smith, the surgeon. George started up immediately, and ran down stairs. How tedious did the quarter of an hour appear. They went every moment to the window to see if he was coming; and from the window to John; felt his pulse, rubbed his temples, held vinegar to his nose; but all would not do; he did not open his eyes. He is dead, cried the Curate's wife, he is dead, cried Mrs. Jones;—yes, yes, he is dead, said the children after them, and they all began to weep.

The Curate himself was alarmed, he walked sometimes quick, sometimes slow up and down the room, looked earnestly out

out of the window, then returning to John, would soon leave him, with a sigh, and yet come back again. In one of his walks, he turned on Nicholas, who stood stupid with grief in a dark corner. What do you do here, asked he, I thought you were returned long ago to Mr. Gruff? I could not go, replied he, if it was to save my life, till I know what will become of John. They all tried to persuade him; but he could only answer, that he could not leave that place till he knew what would become of John. While they were disputing, Mr. Smith, the Surgeon, entered. They all flocked round him, eager to hear if he thought the poor man had any life in him.

We shall see, we shall see, said he, and made them relate in a few words the sad accident; he approached the bed, took a fine feather out of the pillow, and held

it to John's nose, the down on the feather moved. He lives still, cried he, see he breathes; but let us strip off his clothes and open a vein. He opened one and the blood flowed. A moment after he breathed with more force, opened his eyes, and looked round with a stare of wild astonishment—where—where am I? said he with a weak voice. By me, by me! cried Nicholas, surely you know me again, dear John? John groaned and shut his eyes. The surgeon examined his head; they all had their eyes fixed on him, but he remained silent, till Mr. Jones asked, *Is there any hope?* Then every one joined in the enquiry but Nicholas, and his eyes were fastened on the surgeon's face, while he stood with his mouth open, almost afraid to breathe—Yes, said the surgeon, there is hope, and if nothing unexpected happens, he



Is there any Hope?

Published by J. Johnson. Oct. 1. 1790.



he may be able to return to his master in a few days.

They all rejoiced when they heard this news. God be thanked! cried Nicholas, for such good hopes; now I am happy, and shall go with a light heart, and drive Mr. Gruff home. He went, and found Mr. Gruff very uneasy and impatient.

After John was placed comfortably in bed, the Curate desired the children to be very quiet; we may now all be content, said he, since there is hope. *Oh, what a charming thing is hope!* How satisfied we are, when in any vexatious situation, we can still look forward to something good which awaits us:

CHAPTER XII.

IT now grew late in the evening, and the Curate, with reason, supposed that his guests must by this time be very hungry. He requested his wife to let them quickly have something to eat; this was soon done, she brought out all that her pantry contained. It was not much; but all was good of its kind, and produced with such neatness and order, that the whole company sat down with a sharp appetite, and would have enjoyed their meal, if they had not been interrupted just as they began to eat. John's room was over the parlour, and they heard such loud groans suddenly issue from it, that they hastily rose, and all ran anxiously to ask what was the matter?

What

What he wanted? Ah! my poor wife, my poor children! what will they think when they find I do not come home to night! If they hear of my quarrel, and if they do not hear that I am still alive—what will become of them!

The whole company felt for him, and looked at each other, not knowing what to say to comfort him, his grief was so reasonable. Mr. Jones drew his wife aside, and said, I can easily represent to myself the trouble this poor man must endure—if such an accident had happened to me—and I could not return to you—My love, interrupted she, if you were once to stay from home, and I heard that you laid at the point of death—dearest life I could not bear that! Charles began to weep, and said, if you were to die dear father and I not be with you, I should die of grief!

The poor man, the poor woman and her children, I wish I could think of some way to help them, said Mr. Jones. Dear father, said Charles, I am sure you can think of something. Mr. Jones rubbed his forehead, and said, true, I could think of something; but then it would be expensive. I will not ask for sixpence, before Christmas, eagerly answered Charles, if you will help this poor man. Well, replied Mr. Jones, we will see what can be done. He then turned to the Curate to enquire if he could procure him a messenger, to set off directly for John's little hut, and inform his family that he was out of danger, and with people who would take care of him. It would not be very difficult, replied the Curate, but as it is late, and the way long and dreary, he will expect to be well paid for his trouble. I would willingly give a guinea, said Mr. Jones, I should

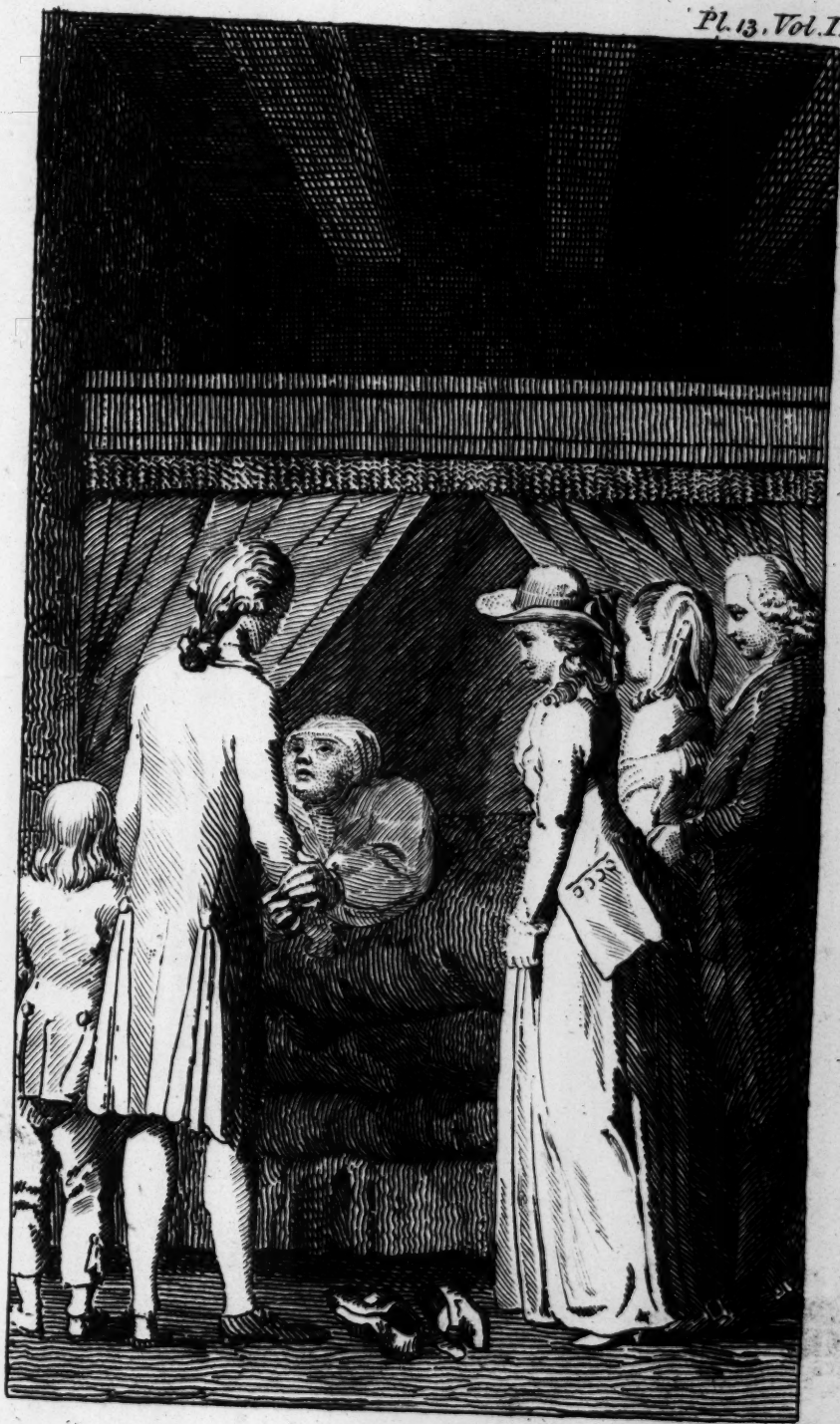
I should think that would be sufficient?

—Yes, more than will be expected, interrupted the Curate, I dare say I shall procure a strong lad in this neighbourhood for half the money.

He went out and soon returned with one; who had seized with joy the opportunity of earning some money, and promised to deliver his message very faithfully.—And the surgeon, said Mr. Jones, I will settle with him, and discharge all the other expenses, pray let him want for nothing. I will take care that he wants for nothing, replied the Curate, but you Sir, need not be at any further expence. Nay, interrupted Mr. Jones, you have already had trouble enough, without being obliged to pay the Surgeon, you my good friend have too much sense to indulge false pride, your poor parishioners want all the money

you can spare, you must let me settle this matter. The Curate shook him by the hand and consented. They then approached John's bed, and informed him that a message had been sent to his wife, and that he and his family would be taken care of till he was able to work. Indeed, indeed, cried John, have you sent to my wife, and will you be so kind to me. God reward you, you are a tender-hearted man, *your compassion has saved my life*, and made me quite content. Now I shall go quietly to sleep, since I know that my wife and children will not be fretting all night. The whole company felt pleased with John for having such an affection for his family; and the meal they returned to seemed sweeter than ever.

During supper time the Curate spoke more than usual, and they were all cheerful,



Your Compassion has saved my life.

Published by J. Johnson. Oct. 1. 1790.



ful. Is it not ordered in a wonderfully wise manner, said he, that a good man always grows sad when he sees another sad?—that is to say, he feels compassion. It is no doubt true that compassion renders many hours uneasy, which might have passed pleasantly, if we were not disturbed by the misery which others suffer.—For instance, we should have gone on quietly with our meal, if John's groans had not affected us. But pity, the compassionate feeling I have mentioned, is very useful, as it impels us to assist our suffering fellow creatures. As soon as Charles felt compassion, he offered to give up all the money he was to receive till Christmas, but before he felt this emotion, he did not think of it. Thus we find by compassion a number of persons have been saved, who might have been lost, if others had not been disturbed by their sufferings. And when we have

comforted an afflicted man, we are so light, so gay, that every pleasure has a finer relish—as you Charles now find that apple-pye has—Am I not right?

Charles smiled, and said, that is very true, I never before thought my supper tasted so good—and when I think that John will soon be well—I am so glad!—

Good Charles, continued the Curate, exercise your compassion instead of trying to stifle it for present ease. If in future you see a man in distress or pain, and your mind is troubled, do not soon try to overcome this anguish of heart; but rather imagine yourself in the place of the sufferer, and think what you should feel, if you were in the same situation.—Then would your heart soon tell you what you ought to do; and pity would procure you many such pleasant moments as you now enjoy.

CHAP.

CHAPTER. XIII.

THE Curate would have continued the conversation, if he had not been interrupted by the maid, who whispered something in his ear. How? asked the Curate, will he not come, though I have so earnestly invited him? I did not believe that there had been in the world a man with such an hard unfeeling heart.— Well if he will not come to me, I will go to him.

He rose hastily, took his stick, and was going out—But the company seemed disturbed, and stopped him to ask what disagreeable accident had happened? I beg your pardon for leaving you a few moments, I am uneasy, but I hope that I shall soon return much easier. He then

then went out and left them unable to guess why he went so abruptly.

The cause was this, his eldest brother, for above half a year had not behaved to him like a brother. He had not written to him as usual; nay, when the Curate wrote to him he did not answer his letter, and he had passed three times through the village and never visited him. Now this evening the Curate had heard from the surgeon, that his brother was there, and intended to sleep at the inn; he therefore sent his maid privately to entreat him to spend the evening at his house; but he rudely answered that he would not come. The Curate then went to him.

When he opened the room door, he saw his brother in deep thought, walking backwards and forwards with hasty strides,

strides, and frightful gestures. He stood still at the door a few moments, till he was perceived by his brother, who turning fiercely on him, asked what he wanted?

Curate. I am come to visit you.

Brother. Did I invite you?

Curate. No, indeed; but I think it would not have been right to have had a brother, who once loved me, and whom I still love, so near me and not to have called to see him. I invited you, why did you not come?

Brother. Unworthy hypocritical man—do you ask why?

Curate. I do; nay, I ask still more—why have you passed three times through my village and have not visited me?

Brother.

136 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

Brother. Do you wish to know?

Curate. Certainly I wish it, and I shall not leave you before you have told me.

Brother. Know it then—I hate you!

Curate. Hate me!

Brother. Shall I say it again? I hate—I detest you!

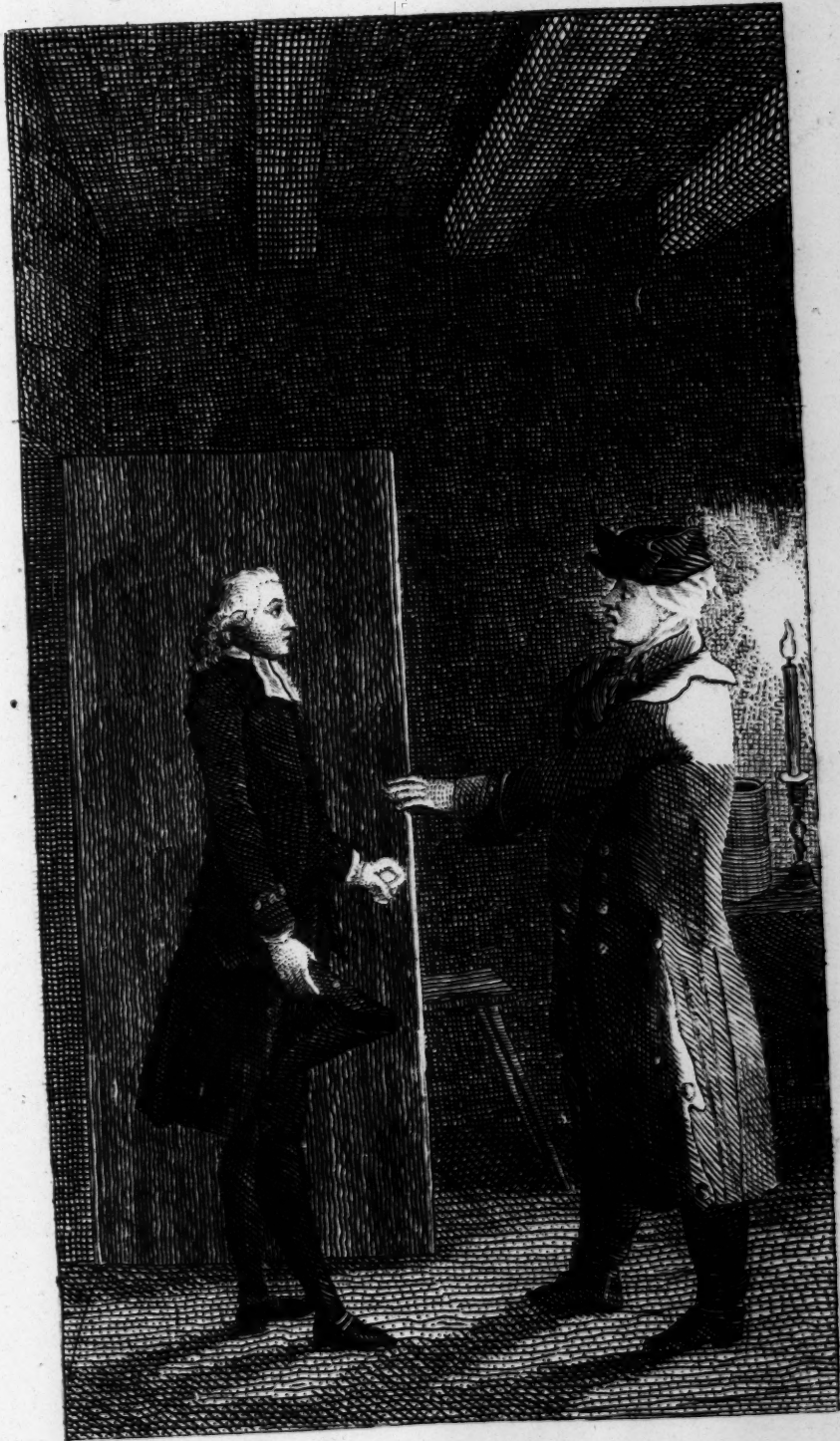
Curate. And you do not wish me any good?

Brother. No.

Curate. Nay, perhaps, you wish some misfortune may befall me?

Brother. I heartily wish, that no good may ever reach you and your wicked wife!

Curate. Brother! brother, take care, God hears you! can such thoughts rise in your heart against me who have ever
2 been



I hate you!

Published by J. Johnson. Oct^r 1. 1790.



been an affectionate brother—and against my innocent wife?

Brother. Yes, because you are my brother; if a stranger had injured me, it would not have hurt me half as much.

Curate. I injured you!—How?

Brother. I suppose you wish to excuse yourself.

Curate. No, not to excuse myself; but to know what I have done?

Brother. Is it not to you that I owe—I tremble with rage when I think of your wickedness? I cannot go on.

Curate. What wickedness?

Brother. Is it not wickedness to separate a brother from his promised wife?

Curate. What, to whom were you attached?—I cannot guess what you mean to say.

Brother.

138 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

Brother. Did you not know that I wished to marry your wife's sister?

Curate. No, I knew nothing of it.

Brother. Did you not know that she was inclined to consent?

Curate. I knew nothing of the matter.

Brother. Do you not know, that you have prejudiced her against me, and persuaded her to marry another?

Curate. All this is news to me.

Brother. Now, this is contemptible! First to injure me, and then to have the insolence to deny it.

Curate. But, dear brother, did I ever injure you before?

Brother. Never.

Curate. How can you then believe, that I should suddenly become such a hypocritical wretch?

Brother.

Brother. It was with great difficulty that I could believe you so wicked, but the whole conduct of your sister-in-law gave rise to my *suspensions* against you.

Curate. And what was there in her conduct to give rise to it?

Brother. I gave her to understand that I wished to marry her; she heard me so mildly, and promised in such a soft tone of voice to give me soon a final answer, that I firmly believed she would accept of my offered hand. Soon after she spent a short time at your house, and when she returned she sent me an absolute refusal, and married Mr. Roberts. What could I then suppose; but that she went to ask your advice, and you advised her to marry your friend Roberts, whom you ever had a greater affection for than for me.

Curate. When did you make the proposal?

Brother.

140 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

Brother. Towards the latter end of February.

Curate. But what if I could prove to you, that she was engaged to Mr. Roberts the foregoing year?

Brother. I wish I could see that proved!

Curate. You shall soon see it.

Saying so the Curate hastily left the room, and returned in a few minutes with a letter, which his sister-in-law had written to him the November of the preceding year, in which she mentioned to him, that she was engaged to Mr. Roberts, but she wished that it might still remain a secret some time longer. The angry man read this letter twice over, and stood motionless a few minutes as if he had been thunderstruck, then hastily exclaimed

ed—is it possible! have I been so unjust, and suspected you without a cause?

Curate. You see how it is.—

Brother. I have injured you, my brother,—how could I harbour such vile suspicions—best of men; saying so, he timidly took his hand, pray forgive me, I will never again, while I live, indulge such unjust suggestions.

Curate. (With his eyes full of tears) What a happy hour is this, in which I again find my brother!

Brother. Good brother, I am sufficiently punished. Suspicion and hatred are terrible things, they have continually tormented me. Suspicion produced hatred; because I believed ill of you, I wished ill to happen to you. Since that
time

time I have not had a contented hour. If I thought of you, if I only read your name, I felt my heart beat quick, I trembled, and forgive me, suffered curses to escape from my lips. I was ill humoured and rude to the people about me. At night I had no rest, and if I did slumber, in my dreams I quarrelled with you. O how my heart used formerly to throb with joy, when from the hill I saw your village; and how I spurred my horse on quickly to be with you.—But since the time I hated you, I have gnashed my teeth when I discovered this little village; and the nights I passed at the inn were always dreadful to me. *Ab, how unhappy is the man who hates another.*

Curate. Come, let us forget all, my brother; and, from this hour, have no more unquiet nights from hatred.

The

The violent man now looked mild, and accepting his brother's invitation, accompanied him to his house.

Mr. Jones and his wife were very desirous to know what had disturbed the Curate, and where he was gone; and a look of anxiety, which they observed on Mrs. Benson's countenance, made them still more curious. While they were endeavouring to converse about indifferent things, the Curate entered with his brother, whom they did not know; now, thought they, the whole mystery will be cleared up.

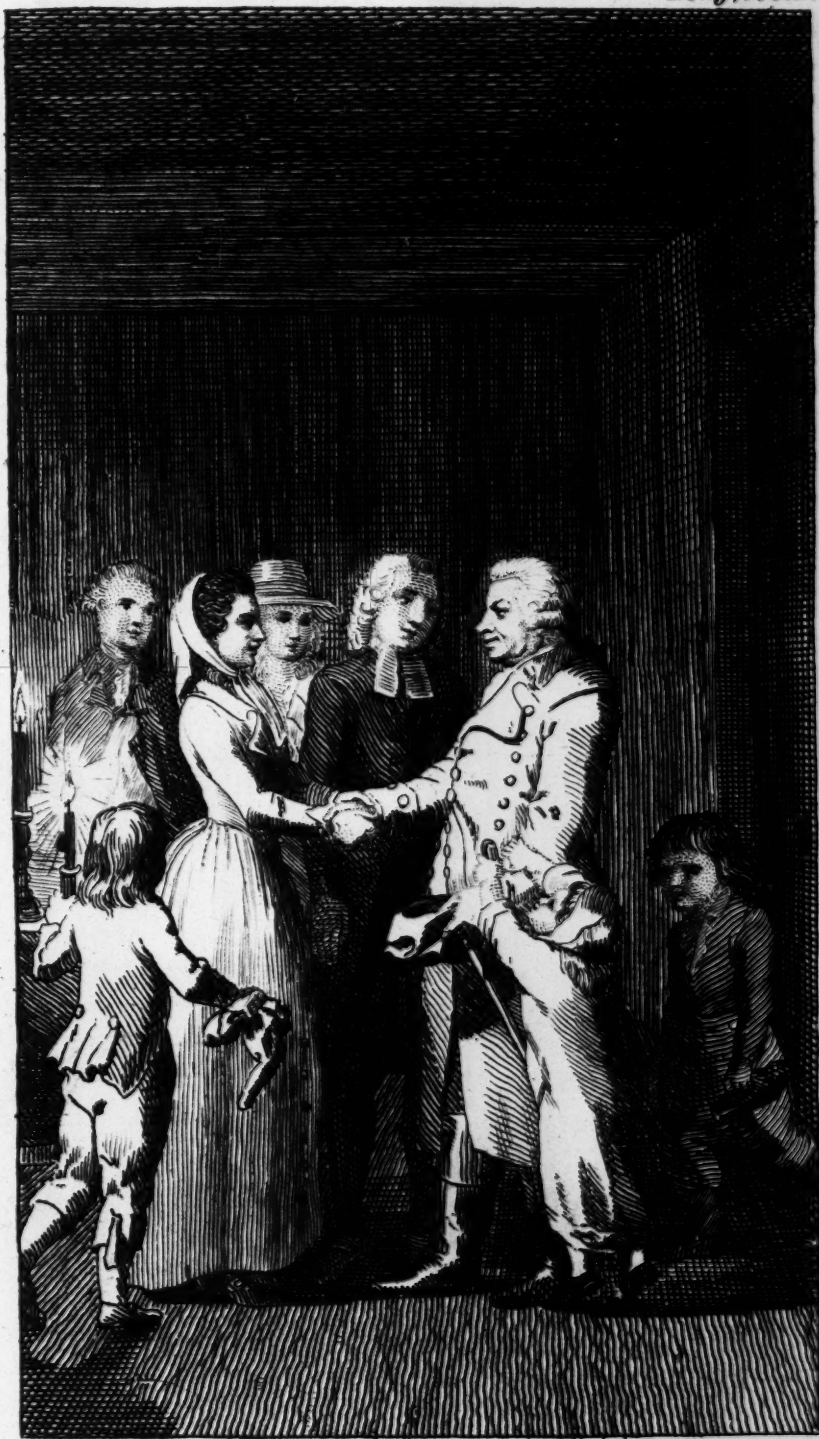
What, is it you, dear brother? cried out Mrs. Benson; is it you, who come to us again with such an affectionate friendly countenance; what a happy day, added she, tenderly pressing his hand. Then she ran to bring him some refresh-

I

ment,

ment, while the children expressed their joy. They clung about him, crying, dear uncle ! dear uncle ! one brought a night cap, another his slippers, and the little Caroline brought out of the closet part of the cake which Mrs. Jones had given her, and thrust it into his hand. The uncle was delighted when he saw how eagerly the whole family testified the pleasure his return gave them. It is affection which renders us happy, he exclaimed, *if we love others, they will love us in return ;* I should have missed all this pleasure if I still fostered hatred against my brother.

Mr. Jones begged him to explain what he meant by these hints. May I relate it ? asked the Curate, looking at his brother. O yes, answered he ; but I should like better to relate it myself. And he began to relate the whole misunderstanding ; how he had first nourished suspicions



If we love others, they will love us in return.

Published by J. Johnson, Oct. 1. 1790.



ons against his brother, and afterwards hated him; what sad days and miserable nights he had passed since, and how comfortable he now found himself, because love had taken the place of hatred.

During this relation time ran away without their perceiving it. They would have remained still longer together; but just as Mr. Jones was beginning to give them another example of a man of his acquaintance, who, by nourishing hatred, had deprived himself of all his comforts, the clock struck twelve, and they recollected that it was full time to go to rest.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE whole family rose very early, and as soon as they were dressed, they went together to John's room, to enquire how he found himself? Very well, answered he; I was in great pain till long after midnight, and could not close my eyes; but about two o'clock, I fell asleep, and I cannot describe how comfortable I found that sleep. All my pain left me; and now I am awake, I feel as if I were new born. *Yes, sleep is a charming thing!* it frees us from all care and pain, and gives us new strength and vigour. He that sleeps well has always reason to be thankful; I never felt, till now, its full value! In future, when any one wishes me a good night, I shall thank them with all my heart; and if I have had a good night, I shall not complain if I am obliged to
work

work hard in the day. What a shame it is that men live who abuse sleep; for when we sleep too long, we are indolent the whole day: I often think of Madam, whom I have been coachman to these four years; she sleeps, as true as I am here, almost ten hours on the stretch; and when she rises, she finds nothing right; the servants are scolded all round; and she has often called me a blockhead when I have told her that my oats were out. Sleep appears to me like beans and bacon; if we eat moderately, we are strengthened; but if we are gluttons, bad humours break out, and we are heavy and idle; so that, in the whole world, nothing appears right.

While the company conversed with John, they heard a noise in Henry's room. He went to bed first, and by sleeping an hour longer than the rest of the family, became so stupid and heavy,

H 2

that

150 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

nocent, and that Henry was stupid and out of humour; so she bade him rise quickly, and speak in a kinder manner to his brother; rouse yourself, my child, added she, or you will spend an indolent uncomfortable day.

Mean time George slipped out of the room with his quail. On the stairs he happened to meet Caroline; that affectionate girl began to smile when she saw him; he kissed her, and said, guess what I have under my coat. The little girl thought it was a cake or an apple; but George said it was something alive. Is it a frog, a sparrow, or a little dog? asked she. He then let the head peep out, and she began to jump for joy when he told her that she should have it, because she was not out of humour, like Henry. She ran to her mother, and told her how good George had been to her.

Henry

Henry saw her with her bird, and longed for it; but Caroline did not mind him, or his angry looks.

Scarcely had the tender mother reached the bottom of the stairs, when she heard Henry call out again; mother! mother!

Mrs. Benson, who at first had spoken kindly to him, was now displeased; she returned, and when she opened the door, Henry saw that she had no longer a smiling face. She frowned, and asked, what do you want now? naughty boy! my half-boots are not here, answered he weeping; I must have my half-boots—They are at the cobbler's, you must put on your shoes to day; so saying, she left the room, left the foolish child sitting on the side of his bed; and there he sat weeping as bitterly as if some great misfortune had happened to him.

But in the parlour was nothing but cheerfulness; the guests were treated with coffee for breakfast; and, because it was a holiday, the children had each two cups of coffee, and three slices of white bread and butter. It is true, poor Henry had none; for he had neither washed his face, nor combed his hair.

A number of little amusing stories were told, and they all joked and laughed. George and Caroline brought out all their pictures and playthings, which were admired by all the guests.—But when they collected them to put them by—they were surprized, and asked, in a tone of joy, what is this? where did that come from? for Mrs. Jones had, unperceived by them, slipped some pretty pictures among their own. Poor Henry! had he been there, he would certainly have had some of those pretty pictures.

The

The company then prepared to go in the coach to a neighbouring wood, and pass the morning there. Am I to go? am I to go? asked George and Caroline, and their mother looked at them with such a smiling face, that they soon perceived she did not intend to leave them at home. What pleasure did they not promise themselves? they kissed their mother, and jumped for joy. The horses were quickly brought out of the stable and harnessed; and when all but the children had seated themselves in the coach, George missed Henry. Is not Henry to go? asked he, addressing his mother, in a sorrowful tone. If he is ready, let him come, answered she.

Then George sprang up stairs to tell his brother; but he was disappointed in his good-natured hope,—there he still sat on the side of the bed scratching his

H 5

head—

head—he had not yet drawn on his stockings, and because he could not have his half-boots he would not put on his clothes. George soon saw that it would be vain to wait for him, for he knew his mother would not detain the carriage, till an ill-humoured boy was dressed; he therefore returned directly, got into the coach and off it drove.

When Henry heard the rolling of the coach, and learned that the whole company were gone to take an airing, and had left him behind; he cried bitterly, stamped with his feet, and behaved like a foolish child. Who knows what he might have done, if an old nurse had not brought him to himself. She advised him to put on his clothes directly, and follow the company, to beg his father and mother to forgive him, and perhaps, added she, they may permit you to partake of their pleasure.

After

After some soothing and encouragement, he resolved to follow her advice; he then ran across the fields and met the carriage, but not before he was tired and out of breath. His father and mother did not receive him with their accustomed kindness; nay, he was obliged to listen to a very severe reproof for his obstinacy; but after he had humbly acknowledged his fault, and promised to behave better for the future, they allowed him to stay with the company. If he had kept his word, he might still have enjoyed much pleasure; but he soon let them see, that he had not yet conquered his ill-humour.

George proposed a play in which they all might engage, they fixed on one called the Hunter, and the open down before the wood was a fine place for it. But Henry found no pleasure in this

game, he insisted on their playing at blind-man's buff. The little company tried to convince him that he was very unreasonable to expect them all to do just what he pleased, but he heeded them not.—And when they saw that he would not pursue them, they tried to coax him, till he turned rudely from them; then they began to play without him. Charles was the Hunter, George the dog, and Caroline the hare. Charles began the chase, crying out several times leveret, hide thyself—the dog is coming to seize thee!—close!—close! The leveret exerted all her powers to escape from the dog, and when it came near, pretended to cry like a hare; at last she was caught, and they all burst out into a loud laugh.

Henry saw with much vexation their common joy, he was tired of himself and
his

his ill-humour; yet he was so stubborn and foolish, that he would not make one in their party. He imagined that Charles or George would again invite him to play with them, and he would gladly have accepted of the invitation; but they thought of no such thing:—none of them pressed a little obstinate boy who had been so long out of humour to join in their play. Then he threw himself, full of sorrow, under a tree, and lamented his folly:—I am very uncomfortable—*how unhappy has my ill-humour made me!* It has to-day already deprived me of the quail, my brother bought for me, and my breakfast—besides, I have offended my parents, and the strangers looked black on me—*how much pleasure have I lost by ill-humour!* No one wishes to have any thing to do with me, though I now am sorry; oh, I will

I will never again be so foolish ! Whilst he was thus bemoaning himself, his father passed by with Mrs. Jones, who had hold of his arm ; and as soon as he observed Henry, he went up to him, and asked what was the matter with him ? Why he did not make one in the play with his brother and sister ? He was ashamed to answer, turned his face away, and held his hands before his eyes. What have you done ? said the father again. Speak—I am ashamed of myself, answered he, I cannot tell it. You are ashamed, replied the father, you are afraid of my reproofs, you have done something wrong. *For those who feel shame always know that they have done something wrong.* Speak, what is it ? Then he related, shedding many tears, how foolishly and ill-humouredly he had behaved all day, and how much trouble he had brought on himself.

The father pitied him: but desired him at the same time to try to govern his temper, and be for the future a good boy, then he would no more feel that kind of shame which made him afraid to look his father in the face. Do you, continued he, still desire to play with your companions? Very much, answered he, only I am afraid they will now refuse to play with me. You do not deserve indeed a kind reception, said the father; but if you wish to be more sociable, if you will try to give up your own will to others, come with me, I will intercede for you. Then Henry wiped away his tears, and taking hold of his father's hand, went with down-cast eyes to join his play-fellows. They received him gladly, when their father assured them, that for the future, he would no more tease them through his ill-humour.

He

160 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

He joined them, and they went to play again with fresh pleasure, now they had a hare and a leveret to hunt.

CHAP.

CHAPTER. XV.

HENRY made a fine hare, and was so nimble that he sprang through the bushes, and they caught him with difficulty after he had advanced far into the wood.

But by this chance they made a discovery which they rejoiced at. They came suddenly on four fine healthy looking boys, who were amusing themselves by playing with a ball. They were the sons of the forester, who lived not far from hence. The huntsman, dog, and hares were so pleased with this discovery that they ceased playing, to look at the flying ball, which these boys threw from one to another. Yes, it seemed as if they were all at once tired of hunting, and wished to begin to play at ball.

Nay,

162 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

Nay, Henry said aloud, if I had my ball here, we might also play at ball. Scarcely had Henry said so, when one of the boys came up to them and said, if you wish for a ball, wait a moment, and I will run to the house and bring you one; and all the rest said, O yes, run quickly and bring it.

Away he ran, but before he could come back, one of his brothers offered to lend them his ball till he returned. The children refused, because they felt that they ought not to disturb their pleasure to amuse themselves. But they continued to press them, till they all agreed to play together. This afforded them new pleasure: some struck the ball in the air, and others received it as it fell. Nay, they were quite delighted when Charles, who was very expert

expert at the game, made the ball rise almost out of sight, and when George ran to catch it, as it was falling at a great distance from the place it was thrown from. They were so amused, that they did not think of returning to their parents ; but played one game after another.

Who knows how much longer they might have played, if the Curate had not called them. He came up to them, and desired them to come back, because Mr. Jones thought it time to proceed on his journey. Seeing the ball they were playing with, he enquired where they had found it, or who gave it to them? One of these good-natured boys, answered George, we are playing with. You cannot think how good-natured they were ; as soon as Henry wished for a ball one of them ran to their house for it, and
another

another lent us his, that we might not be tired with waiting. And did this civil behaviour please you? asked he. Very much, cried they all; how we wish that we could do something to please them. I too am glad, continued the Curate, to meet with such good children; pray ask them to walk with us, that my wife and guests may see them. It was not necessary to speak twice, they ran to their new friends, and led them a little against their will forward to the company.

The little boys blushed at being praised for doing what their father had always told them to do, and what he always did himself; for a beggar never came through the forest without receiving a slice of bread, and a draught of small beer. He used to say to his boys, that the child who did not give part of his play-things to another, should be left to play alone—
and

and what child can find pleasure in playing alone?

One day they had quarrelled about a kite, each would insist that it belonged to him. The father gave them four kites, which they were to call their own, but as they were so unfociable, he would not allow them to play together, and what pleasure was there in looking at a kite, though it mounted almost to the clouds, when they could not call out, fee! fee! how high the kite flies! In a few days they begged their father to take back three of the kites, and let them play together. It was the same thing with their tops, marbles, &c. there was no amusement in playing with them alone, and whenever they quarrelled, their father only punished them by making the selfish boy play in a little yard by himself.

After

After the company had asked the boys several questions, to which they gave modest answers, the Curate said to his children, next Monday you know you are to have a little feast, after all the cherries are gathered, and would you not wish for more company? Yes, indeed, answered George, may I ask these good boys to come? The father nodded, and he turned to them—yes, pray come next Monday, we shall be very happy together; I will shew you my garden, and you shall eat some of the pears off my own tree. Yes, yes, cried Henry and Caroline, catching hold of their hands, you must promise to come and see all our gardens and birds. They said that they would very gladly come, but they must ask their father's leave before they promised. You are very right, said the Curate, for a good child ought never to promise to go out without the consent of his parents; but

but I will call myself on your father and ask him to give you leave.

Mrs. Benson had brought a basket of fruit with her to regale her guests with; she now set it before them, and gave, as may be supposed, a sufficient quantity to the civil children. Mrs. Jones, who always had something in her pocket for good children, felt for a little parcel—what could it be, wrapped up in paper? She opened it, and let them see some pretty pictures, very pretty pictures, of lions, tigers, and many other animals: she divided them amongst the forester's sons, who at first refused to accept of them, but Mrs. Jones pressed them, saying, take these pictures, good, well-behaved children: *one civility deserves another.*

Now came the moment when the company must separate; the separation was
I
painful

168 ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

painful to them all. When they first met they were civil to each other, because it is right to shew civility to every body ; but when they became acquainted, they began to love as friends, and wished to have remained longer together. But Mr. Jones had some important business which required his presence, and he was obliged to take leave of the family ; he did it in the most affectionate manner ; and shaking the Curate's hand, with a look of regard and respect, put five guineas into it for John's use, which the Curate assured him was more than sufficient to pay the surgeon : Mr. Jones then desired him to let John have the rest in his pocket when he returned to his family : and, stepping into the coach, they were soon out of sight ; mean while the Curate and his family turned into the foot-path which led to their house.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



Detlemer